A
Pleaſant and VVitty
COMEDY:
Called,
A New Tricke to Cheat the Divell.

Written by R. D. Gent.

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To the Courteous Reader, and gentle peruſer.

TO make too long an explanation of the worth of the Author, or to commend the Worke with Eloquent words, were but to delay the time, and dull thy expectation: It is a Comedy which hath bin often acted, and ſo well approved; that I hope none will diſlike of it now in the reading: But the Poeme it ſelfe, being now an Orphant, and wanting the Father which firſt begot it, craves a Patronage from thy gentle acceptance: my hopes are, it will prove no leſſe pleaſing to the Reader, than it hath formerly beene to the Spectators; and ſo I leave it to thy charitable Cenſure.

Farewell.

Dramatis Perſona.

The young Lord *Skales.*
Treatwell. His Man.
Maſter *Changeable.*
Maſter *Slightall.* A young Gentleman.
Roger.
Geffrey. } His Men.
Fryer *Bernard.*
Fryer *John.*
Uſurer.
Scrivener.
Hoſt.
Hoſteſſe.
Miſtris *Changeable.*
Anne, her Daughter.
Two Maides.
Conſtable.
Two Gentlemen.

A New Tricke to Cheat the Divell.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter *Slightall*, and Miſtreſſe *Anne*.

Slightall.

I doe proteſt.

An. Come, you flatter mee.

Sl. May I periſh then, if ever thought was Harbour'd in this breſt,
That did intend you harme;
Your Father hath conſented you ſhall be mine;
Your Mother ſtill holds off: but having yours,
I care not who withſtands;
I am fixt your Servant and true Lover.

An. And I thine, in ſpight of Father, Mother, kinſfolkes, Friends; thy *Anne* will ne're forſake thee.

Sl. Then here my deareſt, doe I plight a vow,
And ſweare by thy owne vertuous grace and ſweetneſſe,
By thoſe intrammell'd Raies, thoſe ſtar-like eyes
Endymion bluſhes on; thoſe Ruby lippes,

Where a red Sea of kiſſes is divided
By rocks of pearle, by theſe joyn'd hands, and all things
That have tyed my love to thine; Ile ne're forſake thee.
An. Slightall, My vow is fix'd, no more, my Father. (*Enter*
Chan. I have over-heard all, *Changeable.*
My bleſſing on you both:
Slightall, I love thee, and am glad th'haſt ſped;
How I have pleaded for thee, Minion, you know.
An. Father I doe, pray you for a while
Conceale it from my Mother.
Chan. Feare not that wench, how I have labour'd with her
You know well, but no conſent from her, it is impoſſible:
What I have ſtor'd for thee high Heaven does know,
But 'tis my love, which ſtil continues to this wayward Girle
Who never could have pleaſ'd her Father better
Then in this mutuall and conjoyn'd aſſent. Ent. *Mrs.*
Further I would proceed, but ſee, my wife *Changable*, &
Conſorted with a ſtranger. Mr. *Treatwell.*
Wi. Sir, here's a gentleman (*Slightall* ſo neere?)
Deſires your conference (no deviſe at all
To ſhift him hence?) His buſineſſe craves diſpatch,
And is of ſerious urgence; 'twould become
Your modeſty to ſpare us ſome few minutes,
Since it no whit concernes you.
Chan. He ſhall ſtay, hee's now ingraft a ſcien in our Family:
Therefore what us concernes muſt needs touch him,
Sonne, ſonne, be conſtant to your place I charge you.
Wi. Sonne?
Chan. Remove for no man, now ſir ſpeake your mind.
Tre. What in a place ſo publique? *Chan.* Yes, even here.
Tre. A place more private would become my meſſage,
And give it gentle hearing.
Wi. Pray with draw, it comes from a great man.
Chan. Came it from on of the Guard, from Sir Iohn *Falſtaffe*?
Nay, *Hercules* himſelfe; with bumbaſt limbes
It ſhould have publique audience.
Wi. Daughter, a word.
Chan. Now your bigge man, name him I pray.

Tre.

Tre. From the yong Lord *Skales.*
Chan. I cry you mercy, my honourable friend, I pray
What ſervice will't pleaſe him to command us?
Wi. Liſten unto't, 'tis all for your preferment.
Sl. Feare and doubt perplex me equally.
Tre. The Lord my Maſter, to whom the fame of
Your faire Daughters beauty hath throng'd by infinite
Tongues, hath in his breaſt
Tooke ſuch a ſtrong impreſſion, that hee's pleaſ'd
(So your conſent and his may paralell)
To make her his faire Bride.
Chan. How ſpake you that?
Wi. You ſhall be a great Lady.
Chan. His faire Bride?
Wi. And take place of al Knights wives in the Shiere.
Tre. Sir, I have full Commiſſion from his mouth
To treat ſo much; and what I undertake
He hath engag'd his honour to make good.
Wi. His honour? ſo you ſhall be honourable,
Be every day Caroach'd; and ride in ſtate.
An. A Lady, and Caroach'd?
Tre. Pray ſir, your anſwer.
Chan. I wiſh his Lord ſhip had not ſent ſo late,
My word is paſs'd unto this gentleman;
Which to my power I will not change, nor breake
For any King or Keiſar.
Wi. But you ſhall ſir, and ſend his Lord ſhip ſatiſfaction
Even to his beſt deſire; tell him from me
She ſhall attend his pleaſure: you ſhall, *Nan*,
Vſe him with all obſequious reverence,
And gladly embrace his motion; Girle, you ſhall.
Chan. Without our approbation? (Daughter
Wi. Forward ſir, if you withſtand the fortune of your
In this tract of preferment without yours.
Send him faire humble language, doe my wench
Accept his noble pleaſure, and returne him
Courteous and loving thankes; thinke what it is
To be attended, honoured, and advanc'd.

My

My Lady *Anne* you ſhall.
An. My Lady *Anne?*
Wi. How poore and ſlightly Miſtreſſe *Slightall* ſounds?
An. Good troth and ſo it doth.
Tre. But Donna *Anne*, Madona, Madam, Lady,
What breadth thoſe Titles beare?
An. And ſo they doe.
Wi. Miſtris? thou ſhalt have ſuch to be thy ſervants,
And curchy to thee when thou turn'ſt thy head;
Bow at each nod, and make their Farthingales,
At every word thou ſpeak'ſt, to kiſſe their heeles.
Sl. Well pleaded Grannam *Eve*.
Chan. What ſhould I ſay? or how in equall
Ballance beare my ſelfe?
Wi. Footmen, Pages, and your gentlemen Uſhers,
Walke bare before you.
An. Bare before me? well.
Chan. For all the ſtiles of honour in the World,
I would not breake my faith.
Wi, Where I was wont to call thee baggage, *Nan*,
And paltry Girle, I muſt not dare to ſpeake to your
Honour, without a Prologue of ſome halfe an houre long,
Which muſt begin, an't pleaſe your Ladiſhip.
An. 'Tis paſſing good an't pleaſe my Ladiſhip.
Chan. Son *Slightall*, for that Title Ile ſtill faſten
Upon thy name, adviſe me what ſhall we doe?
Tre. Me thinkes the motion might be faire and even,
To make her miſtreſſe of her owne free thoughts
And chuſe where ſhe beſt likes.
Wi. Weele ſtand to that, let it be put to her.
Chan. Son, what ſay you?
Sl. In her knowne love I am ſo confident,
And of her faith ſo conſtantly aſſur'd,
So void of all diſtruſt; that I give backe
All intereſt, Title, claime, and Ceremony
T'attend a ſecond Cenſure. Mriſtris *Changeable*,
You now are your owne woman.
Wi. Madam, may it pleaſe you take a ſecond choiſe?

An.

Anne. Here's Gentry, and here's Honour, Mrs. or Madam,
A ſingle ambling Nag, or a Caroach (woman
With foure, foure grçat Dutch Mares; a private Gentle-
Or a great Lad y, my worſhip, or my honour;
To be a Wife to a Squire of low Degree,
Or a Lord Baron: Gentry ſhall give place,
And in a puff'd ſtile his Lordſhip Ile embrace.
Thus, *Slightall*, I thy Title will out-ſtrip,
That all may ſay, there goes my Ladyſhip.
Wi. You have your anſwer *Slightall*, and good ſir,
Returne this to my Lord.
Chan. Sir be my witneſſe, I have no hand in this.
Exeunt all but Slightall.
Sl. All come to this? ſhone the Sun bright i'th' morne
To be ere Noone envelopp'd in this Cloud?
To be forſooke, deſpiſed, and diſgrac'd
All for a verb.ll Title? ſhall I avenge me
On the proud *Don*, or this his changeable ſtuffe?
Whoſe name and diſpoſition ſuite ſo well:
Something I muſt, but in the interim
Never to fixe a conſtant thought againe
Upon that Moone-like ſexe: Ile weigh them all,
Poore, rich, old, yong, and middle Age alike;
Make no diſtinction 'twixt the looſe and chaſt,
The Matron and the wanton, women kind;
For the ſo baſe inconſtancy of one,
Henceforth Ile forme my ſelfe alike to all:
Licentiouſneſſe ſhall be my Miſtreſſe now,
Voluptuous pleaſure, riot and exceſſe
My future ſtudy; Ile let looſe deſire
And appetite unbridled; and the more
Of that intemperate Sexe I can corrupt
Count it my greateſt deede of Charity:
And for thy ſake, thou falſeſt faire; I vow
Affection and all loyall Love t'abjure,
Striving to make the cleareſt ſtreames impure.

Act. 1. Scæn. 2. Enter *Usurer*, and his *Scrivener*.

Usu. HOw goes the newes o'th'Change?
Scri. Faith never worse, Merchants are wary,
Tradsmen provident, Artificers turn'd frugall, and I thinke
All the World will prove good husbands. (world
Usu. Better they, with halfe a number of that thrifty
Were three parts hang'd; but so much for the City:
What newes in *Holborne*, *Fleet-street*, and the *Strand*?
In th'Ordinaries among Gallants, no young Heires
There to be snapp'd?
Scri. Th'have bin so bit already
With taking up Commodities of browne paper,
Buttons past fashion, silkes, and Sattins,
Babies, and Childrens Fiddles, with like trash
Tooke up at a deare rate, and sold for trifles
That now scarce one will bite.
Usu. What a world's this? what will't grow to in th'end?
Scri. Faith sir Heaven knowes,
We Scriveners fare the worse by't.
Usu. How smart wee then?
We Mony Masters, from whose bagges you feede,
And without whom your Pens would cast no Inke?
Nor your VVaxe take impression: none in chace?
Scri. Yes, sir, I have one Spung that could you squeeze him,
Would yeeld good substance.
Scri. Is he well possess'd?
Scri. Yes sir,-he hath in Acres glebe and medow,
Upland, and Dale, in woods and arrable;
And though in name a private Gentleman,
Yet hath he three faire Lordships, besides Sheepe-walkes,
Parkes, and other large Demesnes.
Usu. And will he sell?
Scri. I have dealt closely with a man of his
To undermine him, one that soothes him up
In all his riots, quarrells with his thrifty,
Leades him to Game and guzzle in Vaulting houses,

And

And places of bad fame.
Usu. An honeſt fellow, Ile warrant him;
Can hee doe ought in this?
Scri. Hee's one to whom he truſts his whole Eſtate,
And can doe all things with him: In theſe Lands
I promiſ'd him, if when they were in ſayle
That I might bring his Chapman; a round ſumme,
To which he ſeem'd to liſten.
Usu. 'Twas well ſcented,
Nor ſhalt thou loſe by't: there's a ſhare for thee;
Acquaint me with the further Circumſtance,
In which I would be perfect. Enter *Roger* and *Geffrey*,
Rog. I doe not like this ſhuffling. 2. *Servingmen.*
Gef. What *Roger*, alamort, me thinkes th'art off o'th'hookes?
Rog. Yes 'faith, and Henges too, I'me almoſt deſperate,
And care not how I am.
Gef. Faith I was never on a merrier pinn,
Nor my breaſt lighter hearted.
Rog. More Rogue thou.
Gef. Ha?
Rog. So, and if thou beeſt not pleaſ'd with that,
Thou muſt prepare for worſe.
Gef. Thou wilt not ſwagger, *Hodge*?
Rog. Faith ſcarce with thee, thou art not worth my anger.
Gef. Are we not of one Houſe?
Rog. Yes, but I hope we ne're ſhall be of one heart,
My fellow no better than a Pander?
Gef. Pander?
Rog. Yes, would that were all, a Traytor to that Houſe
Where thou hadſt thy firſt Bread, and almoſt thy being;
Thy making I am ſure, but ne're that poyſon
That ſwells ſo in thy boſome: My good old Maſter,
Heaven reſt his ſoule, upriſing, and downe lying,
Kept twenty ſtout tall fellowes, whom thy baſeneſſe
Hath ſhrunke to two already; if this Ryot
To which thou ſtill perſwad'ſt the young man hold,
We ſhall be none, he nothing.
Gef. I could anſwer thee, but that I ſpy two Gentlemen,

With whom I have buſineſſe of my Maſters.
Scri. That's the man.
Uſu. And to me none more welcome.
Scri. Is it done?
Gef. All's plotted, we want money, ſell we muſt,
The rate we live at muſt have freſh ſupply;
Ile give you the whole project.
Rog. Get you together, for a true-love knot
Tyed by the Divell, may his Dam unlooſe it,
For I ſhall never: a *Scrivener*, an *Uſurer*, and a *Pimpe*,
All joyn'd in one, to ruine a yong hopefull Gentleman.
Now are they turning an old three mens Song,
We be knaves all three, mount your notes aloft;
For he that I nam'd laſt will beare the burthen;
A load beſt fitting him, you'le find him one day
A fellow of excellent carriage, hee'le beare with you,
Becauſe he loves you ſo: So now all's plotted *Exeunt all*
And there's a Lordſhip, or a Mannour at leaſt *three.*
Gone at one lift: but what to doe with money,
Of which the leaſt is like to come to him
That hath moſt intereſt in't; ſome to the Pot,
Part to the Pipe, not leaſt ſhare to the ſmocke:
And what remaines to gaudifie the backe,
Muſt fill the Cheaters pocket; oh my old Maſter,
Should thy ſoule ſee this, it would ſuffer for't,
As my heart bleedes to thinke of't. *Enter* Slightall, &
*Gen.*1. But did ſhe breake ſo with you? 2. *Gentlemen.*
Sl. Worſe than a ſhop-keeper, that hath
Run long behind hand.
*Gen.*2. Slight you ſo?
Sl. S'foot, like a puffe, a Feather; 'tis my Lord
Muſt deale in whole-ſale with her Lady ware,
And I am quite caſheir'd.
*Gen.*1. Troth I commend you, that, ſo loving her,
You doe not tak't to heart.
Sl. A heart? at heele; that poore wormc, Love,
Which ſome doe ſtile a God;
I thus tread under foot, ſtampe on his ſhaft,

And trample on his Quiver: I muſt confeſſe
I once lov'd beyond thought, but when I ſaw
My troth ſo baſed, and my faith deſpiſ'd;
I ſet it at defiance, and I now
Will be for all, or any.
Gen. 1. What, ſo generall, I pray? is't poſſible
One that hath lov'd ſincerely, as you ſay
You once did, ſhould with ſuch an eaſineſſe
Change his affection?
Sl. I can teach thee do't.
Gen. 2. Good, prompt us that.
Sl. I love all faſhions, features, formes and faces,
Proportions, ſexes, ages, and degrees,
Diſcretions, wits, diſpoſures, callings, places,
Indowments, faculties, and all alike;
Since one hath fail'd, I affect all as any, any as one.
Gen. 1. This is not poſſible.
Reg. I pitty the young Monſter.
Sl. For example, Ile teach thee how to love
The loathed'ſt Creature; Marry I muſt turne Poeticall.
Gen. 1. Prompt us that.
Sl. Nay I muſt be in rime too.
Gen. 2. All is pardon'd.
Sl. Then thus I doe begin;
Diſſemble every fault in their Complexions.
And take no notice of their imperfections:
Andromeda was belly, ſides, and backe
To *Perſeus* ſeene, he did not tearme her blacke;
Andromache was of too large a ſtature,
One loving *Hector* praiſ'd her gifts of nature.
To her whoſe skin was blacke as *Ebone* was
I have ſaid ere now, Oh, 'tis a Nut-browne Laſſe.
Or if ſhe lookt a ſquint (as I am true
So *Venus* look'd) if ſhe be bleake of hew;
Pale, for the World, like *Pallas*; be ſhe growne
By *Iove*, *Minerva* up and downe.
If ſhe be tall, then for her height commend her,
If ſhe be leane, like envy terme her ſlender.

She that is puff'd like *Boreas* in the cheeke,
Is but full fat, and *Daphne* ſhe is like.
She that is Dwarfiſh, name her light, and quicke;
And call her well ſet, this is grubbed thicke.
Rog. Is this your Leſſon? curſe upon that Tutor
That read you this damn'd Leſſon.
Sl. This was *Ovid*; how approve you theſe his precepts?
Gen. 2. Excellent Tutor.
Rog. Or rather excellent Divell.
Sl. I could inſtruct you in a Thouſand ſuch,
And never trouble Memory.
Rog. To what the poxe, will this your practiſe bring you?
In theſe dayes men doe ſell their Lands, their Fortunes,
And their Eſtates to purchaſe them diſeaſes.
Sl. *Rog*?
Rog. Sir.
Sl. Provide me a good luſty Laſſe to night,
I purpoſe to be merry.
Rog. Sir, not I.
Sl. I care not of what humour, face, orfeature,
So thou canſt find one impudent enough;
Search all the Allyes, Spittle, or Pickt-hatch,
Turnball, the Banke ſide, or the Minories,
White Fryers, St. Peters Street, and Mutton Lane,
So thou canſt find one to diſgrace her ſexe,
She beſt ſhall pleaſe my Pallat,
Rog. He hath ill taſt, that loves to feede on Carrion.
Sl. Get me likewiſe a noiſe of Fidlers, and a ſupper too,
Equall with that which old *Vitellius* made,
When Art would exceed Nature; had I beene he
And had his rich Exchequor, I would have fed
On nothing but Earths choiſeſt rarities,
Drunke nought but Pearle diſſolv'd.
Rog. Pray ſir a word:
Can this world laſt ever? you ſell, and ſell,
But when the mony is ſpent, are you reſolv'd
To feede on Huskes, and Acornes? I am plaine,
How many monthes did your old Fathers ſpend

To purchaſe that you in few houres conſume?
Ha, doth this ſtartle you? I am truſty *Roger*,
And ſo you ſtill ſhall find me: did he compaſſe
That competent Eſtate he left to you
By Fidlers whores, and Cheaters? looke you big?
Nay ſir, I can affront you; where be now
Thoſe furniſh'd Tables, whoſe long backes bid bend
With Chines of Beefe, and Chargers, feaſting both
Neighbours and ſtrangers? are they
Ryotted on lifts and whiflers?

Gen. 1. Name you any here?

Rog. If none be gall'd, you have no cauſe to wince,
But if you be, then *Figo*.

Gen. 2. Here's none ſuch.

Rog. Then doe not interrupt me! Baudes and Whores,
Panders and Pimpes, did he keepe ſuch about him?
I hope none here are touch'd; call him to mind, ſir,
And thinke upon his worthy memory,
And how you looſe your ſelfe.

Sl. My ſervants ſervant? ſlave, fetch me ſtraight a Whore.

Rog. An Office fit for none but ſlaves, I am none;
You had beſt bid theſe that are acquainted with them.

Sl. Theſe are Gentlemen, my friends, and my Companions.

Rog. If they be Gentlemen, let them ſhew them ſuch,
That is t'abhorre thoſe vices you are wrapt with.

Sl. Ile have Muſicke, and the choiſeſt Cates the Citty can
Afford, and wine in abundance.

Rog. And pay all.

Sl. Yes, all and ſome.

Rog. But ſome muſt ſure repent it, when all is gone and (waſted.

Sl. Pox upon you, we ſhall have you turne Puritan,
Leave big mouth'd Oathes to ſweare by yea and nay:
Th'art not for me, give me a man can roare,
Shew hackes upon his Sword, briſtle, looke big,
Knowes all the Poſtures of a true Duello;
Give and retort the lye in his full nature:
Can weigh and drinke by meaſure all, or halfe
To a rundle, or the circuit of a haire,

Can weigh his drinke as well as meaſure it,
And,
And without frownes or grumbling ſtill attend (*Ent. Geffry*
On my free humours: *Geffrey*, well return'd, the newes?
Gef. I have gone through ſir.
Rog. So would my ſword had thee.
Sl. We ſhall have money then?
Gef. A Thouſand pounds brought in to night.
Sl. On what conditions, *Geffrey?*
Gef. Trifles ſir, acknowledging a Statute, nothing elſe;
'Tis finiſht in a moment.
Sl. And Ile doe it; In th'interim goe, beſpeake us delicates
The beſt and choiceſt, the dearer they ſhall prove
The better they will taſte; Wenches too, *Geffrey*,
Thou know'ſt my mind, thou ſee'ſt our number.
Gef. Three ſir.
Sl. Unleſſe thy ſelfe wilt make a fourth with us,
And bring (with thee for thine owne appetite)
Some courſer ſtuffe to keepe thee Company,
And ſit at the buy Table.
Gef. It ſhall be done, Ile be your Mercury.
Sl. And Muſicke *Geffrey*.
Gef. If any thing to whet dull appetite,
To heighten pleaſure, and inflame delight
Be this night wanting, ere Sun riſe to morrow
Caſhiere me from your ſervice. (hire,
Sl. Here's a fellow, whoſe induſtry doth merit double
Of a free Countenance and a light appetite,
When this ſtill frowning grim and ſurly ſir,
Has nothing in his face but melancholly,
And in his tongue repining.
Rog. You'le one day find the difference.
Sl. Come Gentlemen, ſhall we to Cardes,
And ſpend an houre at Gleeke?
Gen.1. No better motion.
Rog. Game too, all will helpe to ſend a man a going.
Gen.2. Sixe penny Gleeke?
Sl. Faith Twelve pence if you pleaſe.

*Gen.*2. I am content.
Rog. And ſo is he too, to be gleek'd of all.
Sl. What, will you pleaſe to attend us ſome few houres,
In abſence of your fellow?
Rog. Yes, ſo there be no whores in Company,
But rather then feaſt where they ſhall domineere,
And bold Rampalian like, ſweare and drinke drunke,
Ile feede on Cheeſe, and Onions; and in ſtead
Of healthing, quench my thirſt with frighted water.
Sl. Well ſir, will you follow?
Rog. I will not haunt him as the Divell doth,
But for once I will dogge him. *Exeunt all.*

Actus Secundus, Scæne. I.

Enter *Changable*, his *Wife*, and *Anne*.

Chan. CRoſſ'd at theſe yeares? (haires;
Wi. Unleſſe your wit were gray as wel as your
You grow in yeares, and ſo you ſhould in wiſedome.
Chan. Taxe my wit? a woman too, to do't?
Wi. Did you never ſee a bare face teach a beard?
It is no newes in this ſo pregnant age.
Chan. An Age indeed, when ſmockes muſt read to britches;
Goe to wife, thou ſeek'ſt to make us two that ſhould be one,
Inſtead of me, th'art wedded to thy will;
I feare we ſhall repent it.
Wi. Well, well, man.
Chan. But I ſay, ill, ill woman.
Wi. Why I pray?
Becauſe I ſeeke the advancement of our houſe?
Chan. I would not build ſo many ſtories high
On ſuch a weake foundation, leſt the Garret
Rear'd on ſuch thin ſupporters ſinke it ſelfe into the Celler.
Wi. One of your gravity? I am aſham'd, a Juſtice by

Your place, and can appeare ſo partiall to your owne;
Whom ſhould your providence deviſe to raiſe,
If not your owne? will you be twice a Child?
And now, in this your ſecond infancy,
Not take care for your Cradle?

Chan. Thou art a ſhrew.

Wi. Why then I am no ſheepe.

Chan. An angry woman.

Wi. It ſhould be then your care to ſee me better pleaſ'd.

An. I pray, good mother, nay, ſir.

Chan. Sir me no ſirs, I am no Knight nor Church-man,
There is a third, make me not that by breaking of my faith.

Wi. Thinke what it is to have a great Lord call you
Father in Law, and ſo your Daughter a great Lady.

Chan. So; I had rather ſee her a good Gentlewoman,
Lawfully great in belly and in purſe,
Than ſwell'd with poyſon'd Titles; it to me
Appeares no better than a Timpany,
A griefe not eaſily cur'd.

Wi. His Lordſhip will be here, give him good face,
And curteous Language, or Ile make your boord
As loud as a perpetuall Goſſips feaſt,
Or a diſcourſe of Fiſh-wives; and your Bed
As if you were to lodge in *Loth-bury*
Where they turne brazen Candleſtickes.

Chan. So, ſo.

Wi. So you are like to finde it.

Chan. Gentle wife, have patience, and be quiet, Ile give way:
I never heare thy tongue in this high Key,
But I ſtill thinke of the Tower Ordnance,
Or of the peale of Chambers, that's ſtill fir'd
When my Lord Major takes Barge, I will doe any thing,
Good wife pleaſe thy ſelfe, and I am contented.

Wi. Why well then: Might not this time much better
Have bin ſpent, t'have taught your Daughter rudiments
Of State? her poſtures, and decorums, fine *French* Congees,
And quaint out-landiſh Garbes? one that hath bin
A Courtier in his youth, and brought nought thence?

Fye, fye; I am aſham'd of't.
An. Looke to the Gate there; me thought I heard one knock.
Wi. His Lordſhip ſure?
An. And comes, it ſeemes, to ſee my Ladyſhip;
I feele ſtate come upon me; ſpeake good Mother,
How ſhall I beare my ſelfe?
Wi. Why ſuch at firſt, as you muſt be hereafter; like a Lady.
Proud, but not too perverſe; Coy, not diſdainefull;
Strange, but yet not too ſtraight; like one that would,
Were ſhe well woed, but yet not to be won,
Without ſome formall Court-ſhip; had it beene
My caſe, my wench, when I was yong like thee, *Enter*
I could have borne it bravely. See, hee's come, *Lord*
Husband, your Duty; Girle, your modeſt bluſh, *Treatwell.*
Mixt with a kind of ſtrange, but loving welcome;
Were I as young as once: Your Lordſhip Sir,
Hath done my Houſe much honour.
Lo. This the Miſtris?
Tre. Your Mother ſir, that muſt be.
Lo. I make bold,
And like a rude intruder, preſſe upon you
Sudden, and unawares.
An. Is this your Lord?
Lo. Sir, I deſire your more familiar love,
Whom I ſhall ſtudy hereafter to reſpect
According to your worth and gravity.
Chan. You crave his love whoſe ſervice you Command.
An. I have ſeene a Thouſand private Gentlemen
Both better fac'd and featur'd.
Lo. Mrs. *Anne*, for ſo your name was given me.
An. Nay kiſſe better,
Beſides, he hath the marke of an ill liver,
He hath not a Noſe ſtrong enough.
Wi. You ſee ſir, what homely entertainement,
And how courſe our poore Houſe can afford you.
Lo. Were it baſe,
But 'tis much better then I yet deſerve,
That face alone would make and dignify't;

Your Welcome I approve, good ſir, a word:
Nay, Maſter *Treatwell*, you may witneſſe it,
We doe not trade in ſecrets.
Both. At your ſervice.
An. Mother, a word I pray.
Wi. What ſayes my Child?
An. Which is his Lord-ſhip?
Wi. He that kiſſ'd you laſt.
An. Troth I felt no more honour from his lippes
Than from another man, nay ſcarce ſo much;
For *Slightall* kiſſes better.
Wi. Minion, how?
An. I tell you as I finde; his Lordſhip? good now
Tell me, in what place of his body lyes it?
If in the face or foot, the Crowne or Toe,
The Body, arme, or legge, the backe, or boſome,
Without him, or within? I ſee no more
In him than in another Gentleman.
Wi. Part of it lyes in what he left behind,
Obſervance, ſtate, retinue, and attendance,
Of which you muſt partake.
An. Lord, who'de have thought it?
Would he had ſent that part of his Lordſhip hither,
And ſtay'd himſelfe behind; but where's his honour?
Wi. Do'ſt thou not ſee him there?
An. Him, but not it.
Wi. How caſt thou foole? his Nobility lyes in his blood,
An. 'Tis that I faine would ſee.
Wi. His Blood?
An. Yes, if his Lordſhip live in that,
Would you match me to a thing inviſible?
Where I beſtow my ſelfe Ile ſee and feele,
And chuſe to my owne liking.
Wi. Art thou mad?
An. So you would make me; this is but a man, (him.
And I can find a man to my owne liking and never trouble
Wi. This fooliſh baggage will croſſe all we would com-
(paſſe.

Cham.

Chan. I am plaine ſir;
I have not much to give, yet I would ſtretch
My utmoſt, to my poore ability,
To ſhew my ſelfe a Father, what ſhe wants
In meanes ſhe hath in Gentry; that my blood
Can witneſſe for her: ſomething too beſides
Though not ſufficient to ennoble her,
Yet ſtill to make her a good Gentlewoman,
And that's all my ambition.
Lo. And that's all I can demand.
Tre. His Lordſhip askes no more.
Chan. Provided ſtill, all be with her conſent,
For I le force nothing, wer't from a ſtranger,
Much leſſe from my Childe.
Lo. There's no condition you have yet propoſ'd
But warrants grant, they are ſo reaſonable.
An. Till now I had thought, your Lords, and Noble men
Had bin poſſeſſ'd of many worthier parts,
Where meaner men are ſcanted; but I ſee
All's one, or little difference.
Lo. Miſtris *Anne*, it were ſuperfluous to begin a Suite
Which hath before beene entred; and I know
Made knowne to you ere this; I come not now
For motion, but for anſwer: All thoſe honours
Titles, and Dignities conferr'd on me
We likewiſe doe communicate with you.
Wi. Which ſhe is ready to accept.
An. Good mother, 'tis me, not you, whom this affaire (concernes;
You gave your owne free anſwer to my Father,
So give me leave to doe where I affect,
The good or bad is mine; not touches you
That are diſpoſ'd already.
Chan. My good wench, I doe commend thee for't.
Wi. Will you ſtill prate?
Chan. No more wife, I have done.
Wi. Or I ſhall but begin. My Lord, proceed.
Lo. Court Ladies I have often ſeene and tryed,
Faire Country Damſels, Virgins of choice beauty,

Bred from the City Scarlet, and 'mong theſe
I might have made my choiſe, but all relinquiſh'd
To place affection here; what comfort, Lady?
An. Faith little in that name:
Title my Lord, is a cold Bed-fellow,
And many ſtudy ſtile that marry cares;
Can honour helpe in Child-birth? or Nobility
Us priviledge from throwes?
Lo. Why no ſuch thing.
An. What is this honour then?
Lo. Why Ceremony;
The gift of Princes, and the pride of States,
Regard in the Weale publicke, and imployment,
Reſpect, and duty.
Wi. Which from his preheminence
Muſt by meere conſequence redownd to you.
An. You talke like an old woman, not like one
That ſhould make her firſt choiſe, as I muſt now;
When I am griev'd, can honour cure my heart?
If diſcontent, can my Nobility
Give eaſe unto my Corſives? when your Lordſhip
Is with your Trulls and Concubines abroad,
Where is my loving Husband then at home
To keepe me warme at midnight?
Lo. I am hee.
An. Sir, that's the thing I doubt.
Lo. Why, I intreat you?
An. You are a man?
Lo. I am ſo. *An.* A Lord too?
Lo. It is confeſſ'd.
An. Could you not lend your Lordſhip to a friend,
And keepe the man your ſelfe?
Lo. To whom I pray?
An. To a poore Gentleman, one Maſter *Slightall*,
Who, had he but that ſlight Addition,
I gladly would embrace.
Lo. You trifle with me.
An. Therefore to ſhew me ſerious, Noble man,

I take my leave thus gently.
Wi. That's no answer; Why *Nan*, why Minion, good your
Lordship, take nought in ill part; a peevish thing,
God wot, that wants a little tutering. (me,
Lo. Slightall quoth a? if she slight all as she hath slighted
Shee'le fright hence all her Suters.
Chan. This I told you.
Wi. Still will you prate? wil't please your honour, take
Such cheere as this our suddainenesse affords?
And there's no question but ere dinner's done
This Tempest will blow over.
Lo. Ile take your kindnesse,
Hee's no good Souldier that at first repulse
Will leave the Breach: belike she's fasting now,
Ile take her in full stomacke.
Wi. Please you enter?
Attendance for his Lord ship. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Scæn. 2. Enter *Usurer*, and *Scrivener*, with writings.

Usu. 'Tis sign'd, seal'd, and delivered?
Scri. As fast as waxe and witnesse can make good.
Usu. And to my use?
Scri. Yes, and as great an use as e're you lent out mony on.
Usu. Is there no hope he will redeeme't at all?
Scri. Redeeme this did you say? tush, had he more, (riot.
More he would soone send after; why hee's all expence and
Usu. I shall love expenceand riot while I live;
Not in my selfe, I must confesse, but in such prodigalls
By whom we Usurers profit.
Scri. He spends all.
Usu. So let him, what he hath;
But this Ile looke to safe as my life.
Scri. He minds nor cares for nothing.
Usu. For this he minds not, my care is tooke already.
Scri. Troth hee's sinking, hee's up to the necke already.
Usu. May he drowne for him that holds him by the Chin.
Scri. Alas poore sheepe, each Bramble shares his wooll.

Till

Till hee bee fleec'd quite. (comfort,
Vſu. What makes he then 'mongſt Bryers? this be his
His fleſh will ſhew the better when hee's ſhorne,
Hee'le make ſale for the Shambles.
Scri. Oh theſe Dice, Drabbs, and Drinke?
Vſu. Excellent ſokers, brave pills to purge the purſe:
But for my part, I will take no ſuch Phyſicke.
Scri. What will you doe, ſir?
Vſu. Marry, firſt home, and ſafely locke up theſe,
Then ſeeke ſome other new come to his Lands,
To make like prey on him.
Scri. I am your Scrivener, and ſir, I hope
You'le not forget my paines?
Vſu. Forget thee? no, not whilſt thy Parchment laſts:
I doe remember thee by thy ſhop, thy ſigne,
Yes, thou haſt Labells hanging at thy doore;
Thou writ'ſt a good faire hand, and haſt in Horne,
Sixe ſeverall Seales with ſundry ſtrange inſcripts
All joyn'd together; thee? not remember thee?
I can call thee by thy name.
Scri. But ſir, my money.
Vſu. Money from me, thy writings are all paid for,
It came from *Slightalls* purſe.
Scri. I, but my Brokage?
Vſu. Brokage indeed hath ſome dependance ſtill
On Uſury, and Uſury on that,
Th'are Relatives; one is not called a Son
That hath no Father, and no Father's he
That hath no Son; yet money doth goe hard.
Scri. Yet let me have my due.
Vſu. Yes, give the Divell that,
For he will have't at length; ha, let me ſee,
Come, let us once be mad, we'le to the next Taverne,
And there debate the buſineſſe.
Scri. At your owne charge?
Vſu. Yes, for this once, not uſe't.
Scri. A Gallon ſir, betwixt us two?
Vſu. An Uſurers Gallon, that's juſt halfe a pint,

'Tis none of *Slightalls* meaſure, 'tis too great,
And come, good Scrivener, write it in Record,
That I am now thus liberall.
Scri. Sir, I ſhall. *Exeunt.*

Act 2. Scæn. 3. *Enter* Slightall, Roger, *and* Geffrey.

Sl. You have ſerv'd me long, what have you got by me?
Gef. Good Wine, good Victualls, Liveries;
And the countenance of a good Maſter.
Sl. And pray what's all this?
Gef. That's as your worſhip ſhall be pleaſed to call it.
Sl. Nay, name it you.
Rog. So pleaſe you ſir, I ſhall;
That which I thinke y'are brought to now your ſelfe,
Or within little of't.
Sl. And what's that? *Rog.* Nothing.
Sl. Thy plaines I commend, thee and thy wit,
That canſt give nothing name, ſuch is my ſtate;
Yet out of this confuſed lumpe of nought,
That which no man of ſence can ſay it is,
Or Title by the name of any thing,
Something I have extracted, and reſerved
For you, for you my ſervants; take this Gold.
Gef. All this ſir?
Sl. Why, all this alas is nothing.
Rog. What call you ſomething then?
Sl. To me it is not, for now it is yours,
And may it ever after ſomething prove
To you and your ſucceſſion, as a Stocke
To thrive and proſper by; I onely was,
But am not now; however be you ſtill,
And may this give you Eſſence.
Rog. Pray keepe mine,
Your ſervice ſir is all the heritage that I expect from you.
Sl. Thou never waſt one that did ſeeke to husband my eſtate,
Which I have vainely waſted; juſt, and honeſt,
In all my looſe deſignes did'ſt counſell well,

And ſtill perſwadeſt me to providence,
That thrift of which I was uncapable,
Employ it to thy owne ends; had it bin more,
Greater had bin thy ſtocke.
Rog. Ile keepe it ſir, as Steward to your uſe, but
Alwaies ready to furniſh your leaſt wants.
Gef. And how for mine?
Sl. Though thou waſt ever Pander to my luſts,
And gav'ſt me Spurres to all my vanities,
Fedd'ſt on my riots, and my looſe exceſſe,
Encourag'ſt ſtill to ſurfeits, prayd'ſt not for me
But ſtill prey'ſt on me *Geffery*; yet, becauſe
Thou once did'ſt claime dependance on my love,
And did'ſt me ſome ſlight ſervice; ſtill report
Thou had'ſt a bounteous Maſter; ſo farewell both.
Gef. If this be all, as where no more is left
What more can be expected? this's my portion,
Ile husband't for my ſelfe; he that gets this,
Or part of this, muſt have more ſhare in me
Than either man or Maſter.
Sl. Adieu good fellowes, report y'have left a cleane
Gentleman, without or meanes, or mony.
Rog. 'Tis my ſorrow.
Gef. And my neglect; ſo I be ſtor'd my ſelfe,
Which hand with him goes forward.
Sl. A woman; that inconſtant Feminine Sex, *Exit Rog.*
That changes humours oftner than the Moone *& Geffry.*
Waynes, or ſupplyes his Orbe: that moving Creature
Hath beene my quicke ſubverſion:
Had ſhe prov'd firme, for her I had husbanded
All that I now have laviſh'd; but too late,
What ſhall I now doe! travell? who ſhall furniſh me?
What comfort can there be to beg abroad?
Or make my ſelfe a ſtorme to forraigne Nations,
After I too much have bin toſſ'd at home?
Ile prove my kindred; kindred he hath none
That hath not in his purſe to ranke with them.
My Kindred waſted, as I ſpent my meanes,

Want

Want makes me a meere ſtranger: then my friends,
There's no ſuch name for him whom need compells
To ſuch extreames as I am newly falne:
Reliefe from them, ſuch as in Cakes of Ice
To him, whoſe Nerves and Arteries are ſhrunke up
By bitter winters fury: then behold,
I here expoſe me to the fate, and force
Of all diſaſters threaten me; I am ready
With a pinch'd ſtomacke, and cold *Arctos* breath,
With a bare breaſt, armed with patience
Againſt the ſharpeſt ſtorme, and thin neceſſity;
T'encounter with the keene and piercing fangs
Of what want can inflict on my poore Carkeſſe.

Enter Anne

An. Let Father frowne, or movingly intreat,
My Mother chide, or threaten menaces,
Raile till her Tongue, that yet was never tyr'd,
Cleave to her Roofe in midd'ſt of her exclaimes:
Let my ſpruce Lord cogge in his courtly termes,
And woe me with a thouſand vaine proteſts;
Not all my Fathers hate, my Mothers fury,
Nor all his Alphabet of Stiles and Names,
Could they a Sheep-skin fill, ſhall me divert
From that which I have vow'd, to ſeeke him out
And proſtrate my firſt love.

Sl. The Divell, hee
My mind ſuggeſts when all my meanes elſe faile;
That Bug-beare will ſupply me.

An. Have I found thee?

Sl. I am not yet provided friend, not yet;
Thou tak'ſt me on a ſudden.

An. Doe you not love me?

Sl. For a She-divell; but I meant not her,
My buſineſſe lyes with him that's Lord and Captaine
Of all the Fiends and fire-brands; haunt me not,
Thou canſt doe me no pleaſure.

An. Sure hee's Mad?

Sl. There can be no more terrour in his looke

Than in the face of my extreame diſtreſſe :
His Viſage cannot be ſo horrible
As my deſpaire ; what ſhould I feare then, ha ?
An Uſurer may weare Hornes, a Scrivener too,
Should I be more affraide of his then theirs ?
I know no reaſon for't.
An. Good ſir, take comfort.
Sl. Man can no ſooner thinke upon the Divell,
But a woman is at's Elbow ; truſt me not
I've no affaires with thee.
An. Leave thoſe vaine thoughts
As Fantaſies of a diſtracted braine ;
I come with ſorrow, and repentant teares ;
To bring you backe your owne.
Sl. Not poſſible,
That's all in Huckſters handling, and canſt thou
Bring it from thence ? why the great Divell himſelfe
Can never do't ; ſome is diſtribued
'Mong Baudes, and Whores ; here Panders have a part,
And Cheaters there a ſhare ; Tavernes, and Ordinaries:
But the prime part the Uſurer hath in's Cheſt,
I would 'twere in his Belly : and the choiſe
Of all I had, for which theſe were reſerv'd,
Priz'd by me but as triviall ornaments
T'adorne one Jewell, rated above them,
Higher than gold above the baſeſt droſſe,
And that the Lord hath ſeiz'd.
An. The Lord ? what Lord ?
Scri. Lord of this Soyle ; which I will ne're repurchaſe
After his ſo baſe ſullying.
An. Oh, but ſir.
Sl. What ſayes my *Donna Anne*, my Lady Serpent
Armed in her golden ſcales ? What ſayes *Madonna* ?
An. That I preferre thy baſeſt poverty
Before all glorious Titles ; give me eare,
And Ile redeeme thy former injuries
With ample ſatiſfaction. *Sl.* Heare mee firſt ;
Backe to your Lord, and if you want reparations,

Firſt fall into his hands.
An. It was my folly,
My appetite too childiſh novelty,
Of which I now crave pardon.
Sl. Oh woman, woman,
Thou haſt undone me, ſpent me to my Shirt,
Nay beyond that, even almoſt to my ſoule;
For I am circled in with blacke deſpaire,
And know not how to free me.
An. I can doe't,
And to that end I come; wants thy ſoule comfort?
Behold, I bring you comfort: Is your ſtate
Decayed and waſted? ſee, I offer thee
A ſecond making, all my hopes and fortunes,
I throw on thee; I am poſſeſt of nothing
Of which thou art not Lord.
Sl. Lord? there it goes;
And get thee to him, for in rifling thee
He hath robb'd my braine of ſence, my life of meanes,
My ſoule of ſolace, and my dayes of reſt;
Henceforth Ile be a Mad-man, turne as Savage
As thou to me was't brutiſh: Ile ſeeke out
Some fine familiar Divell, and with him
Converſe, when I have left mans company;
Ile make my ſelfe companion with the Night,
And Traffique with her ſervants like the Owle;
Ile take my Lodging in ſome hollow Cave,
Till I be growne ſo out of name and knowledge,
That if I chance but to appeare by day,
Men, Beaſts, and Birds ſhall all ſtand wondring at me;
As at ſome progedy, and point at thee
For this my tranſformation.
An. Iealouſie, oh what a fury art thou?
Sl. Fury, where? kept it within my boſom I would cheriſh it,
And hugg't as one that I accounted moſt:
Lay't in this hand I'de brandiſh't 'gainſt my ſtarres
And dare them to encounter: lodg'd it here,
Within my eyes, I would out-ſtare the Divell,

The Divell, I the Divell.
An. That foule fiend,
Why doe you name so oft? oh study better thoughts,
And set him at defiance.
Sl. Canst not endure his name, yet com'st thy selfe
To tempt me with his Sattin? oh those eyes,
That once appear'd like to those glorious Tapers
That spangle Heaven, shew like blacke funeralls
The Sisters beare, that blast where ere they burne:
Farewell my ruine, my decay and fall,
And what siniſter Fate so ere I have.
May thy false pride b'insculpt upon my grave. *Exit.*
An. Curse on that pride, that such a hopefull Gentleman
Should in his prime be lost by that and me;
But who was cause? who first traduc'd me to't?
My Mother, and that Lord; the sin be theirs:
Offend they, and must scape due punishment?
Then let me loose, what womankind best armes,
My use of Tongue; if but this Pipe hold cleare,
Ile make both curse them taught me first to speake,
And wish I from my Cradle had bin dumbe:
My hate to him shall in his charge and cost,
Redeeme the love that I to this have lost. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scæne. 1.

Enter old Frier Bernard, *and young Frier* Iohn.

Ber. NOw we have past'd our more retired houres
To holy uses as our vowes compell;
In zealous and Religious exercises,
In Visitation of the weake and sicke,
To strengthen those that stagger with our prayers,
And ghostly counsell; now night calls us home
Unto our Cloyster, there to spend the rest
Of our late houres in thoughts contemplative,

And

And ſacred Meditations.
Io. Holy Father, I am affraid time hath prevented us,
'Tis now paſt Eight, and, but I much miſtake,
I heard the warning of the Cloyſter Bell,
Which tells us, if we reach not inſtantly
W'are for this night excluded.
Ber. Mercy Heaven how ſwift time runs?
Io. W'are now at *Iſlington*,
What hope have we to get to *Crutched Friers*
Before the Gates be ſhut, and the Keyes carried
Up to the Abbots Chamber?
Ber. Thou ſay'ſt true, how ſhall we ſpend the night then?
Io. We'le knocke here
At the next ſigne, the good man I know well,
Of honeſt converſation, of good life,
And yet a boone companion; one that loves
Good company, and to be merry with them.
He, if he be at home, will bid us welcome:
My Hoſteſſe too, a ſweet and ſmooth-fac'd wench,
Courteous and kind, and wondrous well belov'd
Of all her Neighbours; liberall to the Church,
And much commended for her Charity.
Let us not bauke her houſe. (lodging.
Ber. Knocke good Frier *Iohn*, and begge us a nights

Enter Woman.

Wo. Who's that abroad ſo late?
Io. For Charity thoſe that would be admitted.
Wo. Charity ſhould be in bed at Mid-night.
Ber. But Devotion ſhould alwayes wake;
Where's the good man your Husband?
Wo. Hee's gone from home, and that's a reaſon too
We ſhut up doores thus early; ſay, what are you?
Io. Frier *Bernard*, and Frier *Iohn*.
Wo. Religious men, and keepe unlawfull houres?
Ber. 'Tis no vaine pleaſure,
Or evill purpoſe that hath kept us out,
But Chriſtian zeale to viſite and confirme
Them, for his ſake to whom our lives are vow'd;

Grant

Grant us reliefe and harbour.
Wo. 'Twere ſuſpitious for me, but a lone woman, he abroad,
To entertaine men of your ranke and place,
VVhoſe luſts have all bin queſtion'd, and have drawne
Good women of beſt rumour and report,
Into foule ſcandall; therefore pardon me,
This night you get no entrance.
Ber. My good Dame,
You ſee me aged, and farre ſpent in yeares,
Decrepit, and unfit for dalliance,
And ſhould my youthfull Novice ſtrive t' exceed
His Lawfull bounds, I am neere to counſell him,
But he was never guilty of ſuch thoughts.
Io. 'Las my kind Dame, not I.
Ber. Then grant us the leaſt ſhelter, any place,
By, or remote, to keepe us from the cold;
Stable, or Barne, if you be ſo provided,
Or any out Roome where's but hay, or ſtraw
To wrap us in till Morning.
Wo. Good, excuſe mee.
Io. Can you be ſo hard-hearted unto men
Of our ſo knowne Devotion? (prayers
Ber. Grant us this, and you ſhall have the aſſiſtance of our
In all our Trentalls, Maſſes, Dirges, Oriſons,
Your ſoule ſhall be remembred; but if we
Should by your rude remorceleſſe cruelty
Miſcarry in our perſons, in this raw
And ſo bleake cold; the price of our two lives
Muſt be of you exacted.
Wo. Curſe upon them,
No night but this to trouble me in? being ingaged
To better fare by appointment.
Ber. Gentle Dame, for reverence of my yeares and gravity,
And for my Covents Order; for my Name
And my profeſſion, grant Frier *Bernard* this
Harbour from Froſt and Snow.
Wo. VVell Frier, you ſhall,
But this provided, I will locke you up

In

In a cloſe Garret, and my ſelfe keepe the Key
To avoid ſuſpition; you ſhall have freſh ſtraw,
But other Bedding none, no fire nor Candle,
Beere, Ale, nor any ſuch commodity,
Now in my Husbands abſence; ſo, pray enter,
And this I doe for Charity.

Ber. Now Heavens *Beniſon* fall on thy head, that two
Religious men art ſo obſequious; gentle Novice, be
Civill and much obſervant, 'tis a courteſie
We ſcarce can find elſe where.

Io. My holy Father,
I know it well; I am preſcrib'd my limits,
Which I am willing with all zeale t'obſerve;
I would we knew our Lodging. (Horſes,

Ber. All neceſſities are ever to bee pardon'd, once, like
Let's lodge in our owne Litter; I commend
The womans modeſty, that is ſo curious,
Her Husband being from home, to avoyd ſcandall,
And mens baſe imputations.

Io. So doe I,
'Tis one of our beſt Dames; but ſee, ſhe comes
To give us entertainement *Enter the Woman.*

Wo. I have onely a Cock-loft, pleaſe you gentle Friers,
To make beſt uſe of that and ſome freſh ſtraw,
Beſt harbour that my Husbands abſence yeelds
Y'are welcome to.

Ber. We entertaine it gladly,
And thanke you my good Dame, I am for ſleepe,
That's this my nights ambition.

Wo. Pleaſe you enter, but yet no further then Ile locke you in
Ile keepe the Key my ſelfe.

Io. At your beſt pleaſure. *Exeunt.*

Enter Conſtable, with a Bottle of Wine, and Manchets.

Con. My Watch is ſet, charge given, and all at peace,
But by the burning of the Candle blew,
Which I by chance eſpyed through the Lanthorne,

And by the dropping of the Beadles Noſe,
I ſmell a Froſt; now to prevent this cold,
To which I am ſubject, I have made my Deputy,
Given up my ſtaffe and power into his hands;
My ſelfe intending to ſpend all this night
Here, at an honeſt Neighbours; ſome proviſion
I have ſent in, and ſome I have brought along,
A caſt of Manchets, and a Bottle to
Of the beſt Wine in Turnball, which, they ſay
All *London* cannot better: Silent all,
None ſtirring neere, Ile knocke but ſoftly for feare
Of waking Neighbours. *Wo.* Whoſe there? *Con.* 'Tis I.
Wo. Not Maſter Conſtable? *Con.* The ſame faire love.
Wo. Have you diſpoſ'd your Watch?
Con. Yes, at yon further Corner.
Wo. Not too loud, meane time I ſoftly will ſneake downe
The Staires, and ſoftly let you in.
Con. Gramercy wench; the kindeſt loving Neighbour the
Towne yeelds, the Hamlet cannot match her; a ſmug Laſſe,
And one that knowes it too; I would not looſe her
For halfe my ſtate in the Pariſh, while I'me in Office,
She's ſafe as Mouſe in Mill: Oh, are you come?
Wo. I was in feare you would have broke with me,
But now I ſee y'are currant.
Con. Sweet a kiſſe, and harke in thine eare. *Frier* Iohn
Io. Frier *Bernard's* faſt, he ſnores and ſleepes as *peepes out*
Snug as any Pigge in Peaſe-ſtraw; but my ſelfe *above.*
Cannot once cloſe an eye, which makes me wonder
That I am growe ſo wakefull.
Con. Here's to thy good fat Pullet that's within,
Two fine Cheat Loaves were ſent me from the Court,
A Cup of Nipſitate briske and neate;
The Drawers call it Tickle-braine, 'twill do't,
But is the Roaſt-meat ready?
Wo. Piping hot, Ile goe fetch Salt and Trenchers.
Con. Quicke, good Wench.
Io. Dreame I? or i'ſt ſubſtantiall that I ſee?
Was this your cunning Dame, to locke us up

Like

Like Priſoners, and afford us nought but ſtraw
To feather our neſts withall? not allow us drinke,
Food, nor a Candle, leaſt we ſhould fire the Houſe,
For that is her excuſe; fire on you both,
Have you theſe trickes? yet Godamercy cranny
That I can ſpy all this. *She brings in the Pullet.*
Wo. Now let's be merry, but in any caſe
Speake not too loud, leaſt we ſhould wake the Friers.
Con. The Friers? what Friers?
Wo. Two Abbey Lubbers that are lockt up faſt,
Of whom I could not rid me; but I thinke
I have fitted them, they have neither light nor bed,
Nor any other Comfort.
Con. Tuſh, no matter,
What's that to us? Come ſweet, cut up the Pullet,
And after we'le to Bed.
Wo. Doe you't, I am no Carver.
Io. Doe you ſtraine curteſies? had I it in fingering
I'de make you both make but a Fridayes feaſt;
Oh how the ſteame perfumes my Noſtrils.
Con. In faith it ſhall be thine.
Wo. If I begin, may I ne're eate more. (by't.
Io. Here's a third would do't, knew hee but how to come
Con. Well, ſince you'le force me to't,
I will make bold this once. *One knocks at the doore.*
Wo. If that ſhould be my Husband?
Con. Ha, what then?
Wo. You were ſham'd, I quite undone; he knockes againe;
Upon my life 'tis he.
Con. What ſhall become of me?
Doeſt thou not thinke he'le ſpare an Officer?
But fall on the Kings Image?
Io. So ſoone ſtarted?
Huſ. Why Nan, aſleepe or dead?
Wo. My Husbands voice, who's there?
Con. Where, which way?
Wo. Creepe beneath the Bed.
Huſ. Why do'ſt not open doore?

Wo. Now to convey theſe victuals hence, and put out the fire,
Lord Husband is it you? who lookt for you ſo late?
Theſe ſhall into the Cupboord, if the ſmell
Betray's not w'are ſafe.
Con. I, if my ſwell betray me not.
Huſ. Why do'ſt not riſe?
Wi. I have got ſuch a cold, a cough withall,
I thought I ſhould have dyed; ſtay but a little
Till I have caſt my Petticoate about me,
Ile quickely let you in; the fire's quite out,
No ſigne of any Feaſt.
Huſ. I'me almoſt ſtarved, prethee make haſt.
Wo. I am comming, good lye cloſe, and if I can get him
Once to bed, I have a tricke to ſhift you.
Con. I doe feele I had need of ſhift already.
Io. Here's brave juggling?
For this night, Conſtable, I am your Watch;
Oh but the ſmoaking pullet. *Enter Hoſt, and Hoſteſſe.*
Wo. Lord Husband that you'le venter whom ſo late,
So many Knaves abroad?
Huſ. I feare no robbing, and for my Carkaſſe, I ſtill beare
About me to defend that, I've travell'd hard to day, (houſe?
And am very hungry: prethee wife ſee what thou haſt in the
Wo. What, talke of Victuals now? is this a time of night?
Io. I by my faith, for one that could come by't.
Huſ. Talke not to me, ſomething I muſt and will have.
Wo. Had I knowne
But of your comming home I had provided,
But now I pray to bed, this cold ſo troubles me.
Huſ. Cold troubles me, lay me ſome Faggots on.
Wo. You ſee the fire's quite out.
Huſ. Ile have't reviv'd.
Wi. You're ſuch another man?
Husb. See how ſhe ſtirres?
Wo. Would houſe and all were fir'd,
So ſome of us were out on't.
Iohn. I for one.
Husb. I would have had ſome company, I had not

Such

Such an appetite to be merry for an houre this ſeven yeare;
That I could tell where to call up ſome good fellow
That I knew, we would not part theſe two houres.
Frier Iohn *makes a noiſe in the Garret.*
Io. That's my Qu.
Huſ. Now bleſſe us wife, what noiſe is in the Garret?
Wo. No hurt man; nay, pray will you to bed?
Hus. Bed me no bedds, I le know the reaſon of't.
Wo. Two Friers ſhut from their Covents, wanting harbour,
Begg'd lodging with ſuch importunity
They would not be deny'd; at length I pittied them,
And yet to make them ſure, I lockt them faſt
Up in the Straw-loft, and ſee, here's the Key,
Th'are faſt enough for ſtarting.
Hus. Do'ſt thou know them?
Wo. Frier *Bernard*, and Frier *Iohn.*
Hus. Frier *Bernard*, and Frier *Iohn*? th'onely good Ladds
That I deſir'd to meet with; I beſhrew thee
They had no better welcome; goe, unlocke,
Intreat them hither, we will have one cup
To th'health of all their Covent.
Wo. Call them up? What time ſhall we to bed then?
Hus. Time enough, early betimes, nay, quick *Nan*, Frier *Iohn*
The bonnieſt Lad e're wore portace in a ſtring, (there?
Or mumbled Maſſe, or Mattins; I but wiſh'd
And ſee, 'tis come to paſſe; the other to,
Though he be ſtrict of life, yet will ſometimes
Be merry, if he like his cowpany;
But my kind honeſt bald-pate, Frier Iacke, *Enter woman*
I ſhall be glad to ſee him; welcome faith, *and Friers.*
With reverence, Father, to your gravity,
Be not offended if Frier *Iohn* and I
Be, not exceeding compaſſe, a little merry,
And play with the Pot; fill ſome in.
Wo. To your bellies pots and all.
Ber. Exceſſe, my Hoſt, can purchaſe no excuſe,
But modeſt mirth, tranſgreſſing not his true
And lawfull bounds, is good and commendable;

Now give us leave to bid you welcome home.
Huſ. Thankes good Frier *Bernard*,
Now as I live, would I had ſome good cheere,
No better then I would pay for; but ſhe tells me
There's nothing to be compaſſ'd.
Io. The worſe lucke; and yet I ſmell a ſupper.
Wo. Not ſo much as a cantell of Cheeſe, or cruſt of bread,
That can this night be come by (for your throates,
Ile rather ſee you choakt.)
Huſ. But any fare that would content the ſtomacke,
Io. Say you ſo? Ile try what I can doe.
Wo. What a leering eye the Frier caſt towards the Cupbord?
Io. Bid my Dame provide Cloath, Salt, and Trenchers.
Huſ. But Frier *Iohn*, how ſhall we come by meate?
Io. For ſuch proviſion truſt to my Art.
Ber. By Art, can that be done?
Io. Yes, by Art Magicke.
Ber. Oh prophane, and fearefull!
Art Magicke! didſt thou ever ſtudy that?
It is againſt our Order.
Io. But not as I will order it, feare it not.
Huſ. Can Frier *Iohn* Conjure?
Io. For a Supper, or ſo, but never durſt deale further;
Will you furniſh a Table fit for meate?
Huſ. Nan, when I ſay?
Wo. We ſhall have now ſome fooling.
Ber. What doth my Novice meane?
Io. Good Father peace, no hurt to you nor me.
Huſ. Nor any heere?
Io. That's furniſh'd with a ſtomacke.
Dæmones, et Cacodæmones conjuro vos, ſurgite et venite.
No man ſtirre, is the Cloth laid, and all things fit for meat?
Wo. You ſee to pleaſe you, we can doe any thing.
Io. Now let me ſee,
What Chriſtian Climate yeelds us the beſt bread?
Oh, the beſt wheat's in *Spaine*; what ſay you now
To a couple of Cheat-Loves bak'd in *Madrid*,
And brought into this Chamber?

Huſ.

Huſ. Would we might ſee them. (preſto.

Io. *All voſtro comando, Aſterothe, il pane in hec camera*

Oh, now 'tis done; mine Hoſt, put but your hand
Into that Corner and pull forth two Loaves.

Huſ. Are you in earneſt?

Io. But ſee what Art can doe.

Wo. Pox on the Frier, have you theſe trickes?

Huſ. Two fine and delicate Manchets.

Io. The beſt in *Spaine*, or Frier *Iohn* much miſtakes:
Place them good mine Hoſt, behind the Salt.

Huſ. I ſhall. *Io.* There's more behind.

Ber. Not poſſible in Art.

Io. Peace Father, more will be done anon;
What Climate yeelds the beſt French Grape?
My Spirit whiſpers *Orleance* Grape's the beſt,
What ſayes mine Hoſt to a pure Cup of *Orleance*?

Huſ. Faith I ſay, would I might ſee't.

Io. *Ie vou pre Monſieur Aſterothe*, once more
A Cup of Divine Claret; no, a Bottle of ſome two quarts,
Gramercy, thou haſt done't, mine Hoſt, but caſt your eye
Upon that place, and you ſhall find it there.

Huſ. Moſt admirable, ſee, here's a Bottle full.

Io. But taſte mine Hoſt, and try if it be right. (liquor.

Wo. Your Divells take you; you know where's the beſt

Huſ. Excellent ſtuffe, I ne're dranke better Clarret.

Ber. How comes this?

Io. No hurt to you ſtill, Father.

Hus. Bread and Drinke? how ſhall we come by Meate?

Io. Let me ſee, there is a Midnight ſupper now ſerved in
At *Prague* in *Germany*, where the Emperours Court
Lyes for the moſt part, and ſeldome is he abſent;
Among all all other dainties, ſpeake, what diſh
Deſire you from the Table?

Huſ. Any thing.

Io. What ſay you to a Pullet piping hot,
Now ſtanding on the Dreſſer?

Huſ. Nothing better.

Wo. The Divell take all ſuch ſmell-feaſts.

Io.

Io. But once more Ile employ thee, *Asterothe*,
For this night no more trouble thee. *Veni, assiste,*
& in hac re succurre; I smell the Pullet
Smoaking, and Sauce unto't. *Hus.* I, but where?
Io. Somewhere about this Roome, who hath the Key
Of that same Cupboord? *Hus.* Marry *Nan*, my Wife.
Io. Call for it, good mine Host,
You see I come neere nothing, use faire play,
Saw neither fire nor candle to provide this,
Toucht neither Locke nor Key within your house,
But was asleepe i'th'straw; unlocke mine Host,
See what the Cupboord yeelds.
Wo. A poyson on thee, would it might prove so to thee,
It was never provided for those chopps.
Io. What finde you there?
Hus. A hot fat Pullet, newly dress'd and sauc'd.
I never heard the like,
Ber. 'Tis above wonder.
Io. You see what Art can doe.
Ber. Tell me, Frier *Iohn*?
Io. Ile talke with you anon, in the meane time
Eate while 'tis hot, 't hath come a pretty Iourney,
And marvell 'tis not cold.
Hus. Good wine, good bread, good victuals, stomacke good,
And all to meete together? nay fall to,
And he be thank'd that sent it.
Ber. This to me appeares beyond imagination,
Nay, gentle Hostesse sit.
Io. Many provide good Cates that tast them not,
Now blessing on their hearts.
Wo. But curse on thine, and on thy stomacke too.
Hus. I pray Frier *Iohn*, what spirit doe you deale with?
Io. *Aestroth*, did you not heare me name him?
Hus. And what's hee?
Io. One of the foure great Spirits, that have Dominion
O're the foure quarters of the Earth: good Dame,
Me thinkes you doe not eate.
Wo. I could eate thee.
Hus. Could you not shew your Divell for a need, To

To one that faine would ſee him? *Io.* In what ſhape?
Hus. Why in his owne.
Io. Oh 'tis too terrible, it would fright us all.
Hus. Yet would I ſee him.
Io. What, in his terrors? he would make you mad,
Diſtracted and amaz'd, yet, good mine Hoſt,
To give you all content, I could be willing
To ſhew him but in ſome familiar ſhape,
Such as ſhould not affright you.
Hus. With all my heart.
Io. Have you no Neighbour whom you beſt affect, whoſe
Shape he might aſſume t'appeare leſſe terrible?
Hus. Yes, twenty I could name.
Io. Soft, let me pauſe;
It muſt be ſome that ſtill wake at theſe houres,
We have no power o're ſleepers; ſay I bring him
In perſon of ſome Watchman?
Hus. No ſhape better.
Io. Or in the habit of your Conſtable?
Hus. Why hee's my honeſt Goſſip.
Io. Why then his. (tance with you.
Wo. More ſcurvy trickes Frier *Iohn*, I may live to cry quit-
Io. But mine Hoſt, reſolve me one thing; ſhould great
Aſterothe appeare to you in your Goſſips ſhape,
How would you deale with him?
Hus. Why as my friend, my Neighbour, and my Goſſip.
Io. No ſuch thing; you muſt imagine him what he appeares,
An evill ſpirit, to kicke him, and defie him,
As you would doe the Divell, otherwiſe
When you are late abroad, and we gone hence,
He'le haunt your houſe hereafter.
Hus. Feare not that,
If kickes and ſpurnes will drive the Divell hence,
Ile helpe to ſend him packing.
Io. I muſt tell you, 'tis meerely for your owne good,
Appeare *Aſteroth*, *Aſteroth* appeare from underneath the bed
In ſhape of Maſter Conſtable; do't when I ſay't, Not yet?
Excruciabo te Aſteroth, in jam jam jam apparebis.

Now mine Hoſt, either with zeale expell the Divell hence,
Or have your houſe ſtill haunted.
Hus. Will kickes do't?
Let me alone to conjure him, pox on the Divell,
He hath put me in a ſweat.
Wo. Ile after him, and leaſt he ſhould beare downe part
Of the houſe, Ile let him out of doores.
Hus. Yes, doe good *Nan*; I thinke Frier *Iohn*
I have bumbaſted the Devill; thankes for our Supper,
French wine, and *Spaniſh* Loaves, I never taſted meat
That more contented me.
Ber. But how came this?
Io. Ile tell you by the way; no queſtions now:
Now good mine Hoſt we ſee the night quite ſpent
And the bright day ſtarre riſing in the *Eaſt*;
We'le take our leaves; make much of our good Dame,
And thinke no worſe of your good Officer,
Your Goſſip and your Neighbour, in whoſe forme
Aſteroth ſo late appear'd.
Hus. Good night Frier *Iohn*, and holy Father *Bernard*,
Ber. Rather good morrow.
Io. Onely commend us to my Dame your wife,
And thanke her for our Lodging. *Exeunt*

Act. 3. Scæn. 2 *Enter Lord* Skales, Treatwell, Roger, *and* Geffrey.

Lo. My Rivall ſo dejected?
Gef. 'Tis moſt true, you never ſaw a man ſo ſtrang debauch't;
He hath not onely run out all his fortune,
But even his ſences; I had once my Lord,
Some ſmall dependance on him, but his riot
Hath almoſt ruin'd me.
Lo. And what's thy Suite?
Gef. Your Lordſhips Cloth and countenance.
Lo. Thou ſhalt have't
See, Maſter *Treatwell*, that his name b'inrold
Among my other Servants; let my Steward

Receive

Receiye ſuch notice from you.
Tre. Sir, I ſhall.
Rog. Preferr'd already? may I live to ſee thee
Advanc'd ſome few ſteps higher, to the Gallowes.
Lo. What fellow's that?
Gef. One of my fellowes once. *Lo.* And will he ſerve?
Rog. Yes, one that he did never, nor I thinke ne're will,
Yet a Lord too. *Lo.* Wil't thou depend on me?
Rog. I thanke you, no; were there no other Maſters
On the Earth, I am no man for you.
Lo. Thy reaſon friend?
Rog. Becauſe the laſt I had, I loſt by you, a Man, that
Save his Title, better'd you, or any of your blood.
Gef. Brave my Lord?
Rog. Long you to have your Teeth pickt? Ile find time
To talke with you hereafter.
Tre. A bold fellow; give him ſcope, my Lord.
Rog. He was a Gentleman deſcended well,
As ancient as your ſelfe, as well endow'd
With all the gifts of Nature; better tuter'd,
For he could write true Scholler, which few Lords
In theſe dayes practiſe; not ambitious,
Nor yet baſe thoughted, for he kept the meane,
And aimed but at his equall; you in this
Come ſhort of; for you, leſſe noble breaſted,
Have ſtoop'd to your inferiour.
Lo. Suffer this?
Tre. Nay good my Lord have patience; heare him ſpeake.
Rog. Thinke you, you could have better'd him in valour?
He was too full of fire, witneſſe his ſpirit,
Moſt worthy of a *Roman* Character;
That being oppreſſ'd, and onely croſt in her,
He loſt himſelfe in all things; and ſhall I
Serve him, by whom a graft of his faire hope
Is by his Whale-like Title ſwallow'd up?
And feede at his Boord that hath famiſh'd him
That was my Maſter? let ſuch *Sycophants* doe't,
That to their Lords affections ſuite their ſervice,

Not to their fames and honours: that can fawne,
Lye, cogge, and flatter, Pimpe, and Pandariſe,
And ſo farewell, good fellow. *Lo.* Is he ſuch?
Rog. I ſpeake ſir of my fellow, he's now none
For he attends your Lordſhip.
Tre. This fellowes bluntneſſe
Doth ſomewhat better than at firſt.
Whom wilt thou follow now?
Rog. Him, to his Grave, or to his better fortunes;
Bleſſe your Lordſhip. *Exit.*
Tre. I doe not thinke but under that rough brow
Is lodg'd an honeſt heart; they are beſt ſervants
Whom want, penurious neede, and poverty
Cannot fright from their Maſters. *Ent. Chan. and his Wife.*
Lo. Oh Maſter *Changeable*, how is't with your Daughter?
Chan. Nought, nought.
Wi. Peace you, all will be well, I hope; yet peeviſh, but
It will bring plyantnes: 'tis comming on a pace. (doing?
Ch. You heare that newes of M. *Slightals* frenzy, and his un-
Wi. And yet your wiſedome would have match'd your
Daughter unto that ſpend-thrift Begger.
Lo. This his ſervant, ſince entertain'd by me hath told me al.
Gef. And nothing more than truth.
Chan. Vſe you your humours,
And jeſt at his diſtreſſe; but when I thinke
What he hath bin of late, what come to now,
I cannot chuſe but ſorrow; and the more
When I Record the ground of his diſtreſſe;
But my ſoule's cleare of all. *Enter* Anne.
An. You are a Noble Theife. *Lord.* Ha?
An. You are a gentle foole. *Chan.* How?
An. I am as cold as Ice, and you a ſcold.
Wi. Minion, how?
An. You are a Trencher friend.
Tre. That meant by mee?
An. And thou a ſlave and Pander.
Gef. Speake it not, Ile not beleeve it Miſtris.
An. This Ile prove.

Chan.

Chan. Why Daughter, daughter ?
Wi. Sure the Girle's growne franticke.
An. Faith mother a mad wench, I thanke my ſtarres.
Wi. Star me no ſtarrs.
An. Why mother, can you ſcold ?
Chan. Yes for a need.
Lo. But Miſtris *Changeable*, why did you call me theſe ?
An. Stand but in row, and as I am a woman
Ile make all this good ; you here, you there,
And every one in order : Firſt, in particuler,
And next in generall I will goe over you.
Lo. I pray you doe.
An. A noble Thiefe, that was your Character,
Some by the high way robbe; ſome are Sea Theeves,
We commonly call 'em Pirats ; ſome breake houſes,
And others ſnap at ſtals ; ſome cunningly
Dive into Pockets, whiſtlers, others lifts ;
Some are Poeticall Theeves, and ſteale by wit,
One from another plots, and projects, cheates,
And decoyes ; but all theſe under Theeves,
And ſteale but petty traſh : but you more great,
Under pretext of your Nobility,
And countenance in Court, have from a Husband
Stolne a contracted and a married Wife;
For Contract upon Earth, in Heaven is marriage;
And celebrate by Angels. *Chan.* But why foole ?
An. A gentle foole, ſuch are your patient Husbands,
That yeeld their wives the Breeches.
Wi. Is he ſuch ? how now bold huſwife, baggage, peeviſh
Thing, rude, diſobedient, apiſh, and perverſe,
Irregular, hare-brain'd, harſh and obſtinate ?
An. You ſee, ſhe need not put me to my proofe,
Her tongue will do't it ſelfe.
Tre. But Trencher friend ?
An. I pray your name ? *Tre. Treatwell.*
An. Take but the two firſt letters from your name,
I tak't, 'tis Eate-well.
Gef. But all this Miſtris, makes not me a Pander.

An. No, but when thou firſt was't baſe Baud to the riots
Of thy firſt Maſter, thou mad'ſt thy ſelfe ſuch.
But now in generall let me ſee;
The Prince is not without his flatterer,
The Noble man his Secretary,
The Lawyer his Attourney,
The Juſtice his Clarke,
The Phyſitoan his Apothecary,
The Uſurer his Scrivener,
The Extortioner his Broker,
Nor the Lady cannot be without her Gentleman Uſher;
Your Citizens Wife her Iourney-man,
Your Country Wench her Sweet-heart,
Your Tobacco woman her Pipe-maker,
And every Whore her Pander.
Farewell *Geffry*; God be with you Gentle-folkes. *Exit.*

Chan. Oh wife, wife, wife.

Lo. Nay good ſir ſpare your teares,
She hath hit us all alike; this her ingeniouſneſſe
Adds to her beauty, not detracts at all;
I love her nere the worſe, nor any here
Whom her diſcourſe hath touch't: 'tis witty frenzy,
And no malicious cancor; ſo I take it:
Nay grieve not you good woman, whom e're long
I hope to Title Mother; doubt it not, all ſhall be well.

Tre. But eate well.

Lo. Let not that ſticke in thy ſtomacke, never could'ſt thou
Light on a more faire and ſweet Godmother,
To give thee a name; Ile have all friends, let's in,
And comfort the ſad Gentleman, and after to ſupper.

Gef. Where I'le try how neere of Kin I am to this
Gentleman, and ſhew my ſelfe an Eate-well. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius, Scæne. I.

Enter Slightall *Melancholy.*

Sl. A Piſtoll, Poniard, Poiſon, or a Cord,
The leaſt of theſe would doe't; nay, my owne want

Had

Had I the patience but to ſtay,
The time would end me, for ſince Charity late is dead,
How can beggers live? Death is the eaſieſt
Of any thing on Earth for man to compaſſe;
Almoſt no object but doth offer it:
Fire, Water, not a Stone we ſtumble at;
Our very meat and drinke but ſurfeit of't,
It would diſpatch one quickly: I have read
Of one choak'd with a flye; another drinking,
Strangled with the berry of a bruiſed grape,
Another with an haire; what's this life then
We men doe make ſo much of? if a Pin,
A very Haire hath power to take it hence?
Curſ'd fall of man, in whoſe firſt diſobedience
All things on Earth rebell'd, and warre with him:
How many thouſand things hath Fate ordain'd
To ſtop weake natures courſe? and among them,
How few which can preſerve it? which apprehenſion
Makes me that now I more deſire to live,
The more my life's oppoſ'd: If there be Divills,
As all Religion tells us, I deſire
To have converſe and conference with ſome one
The greateſt fiend among them, for by him
My Genius prompts me, either I ſhall raiſe
My ruin'd hopes, revenge me on my foes,
Or end my wretched dayes in this deſpaire.
I could turne Sorcerer, Witch, or any thing
Might I but blaſt her beauty, brave that Lord;
And ſhew ſome power o're my ingratefull friends;
The Divell, I, the Divell; what Muſicke's this? *Muſicke.*
Deſcends it from the Spheares?
Hangs it in the Aire?
Or iſſues it from Hell? Come where it can
I will attend the Novell.

Enter

Enter an Anticke habited in Parchment Indentures, Bills, Bonds, Waxe Seales, and Pen, and Inkhornes, on his breast writ, I am a Scrivener. *Dances a straine, and stands right before him.*

Ha? What art thou? *I am a Scrivener.* The Divell thou art.

Enter dauncing another straine, one written o're his breast, I am a knave. *Stands as the other.*

Why point'st thou to thy breast, I am a Knave? (Knave.
The Proverbe were not true else, for it sayes, The Divell's a

Enter a third with this word, I am a Prodigall.

I am am a Prodigall? I was indeed, and thou dost well to
Mocke me; what fury sends Hell next?

Enter a fourth with this, I am a Begger.

I am a Begger? yes, I am indeed,
But how the Divell cam'st thou by my stile.

Enter a fifth with this, I am a Puritan.

I am a Puritane? one that will eate no Porke,
Doth use to shut his shop on Saterdayes,
And open them on Sundayes: A Familist;
And one of the Arch limbes of Belzebub,
A Iewish Christian, and a Christian *Iew*;
Now fire on thy sweet soule.

Enter a sixt with this, I am a Whore.

I am a Whore? yes, and a hot one too,
And had'st a helping hand in my confusion:
Now the same blessing on thee.

Enter a seventh with money Bagges, and this Motto, I am an Usurer.

I am an Usurer, Satans eldest Son,
And Heire to all his torments; thou hast swallow'd
Yong heires, and Hell must one day swallow thee.

Enter an eighth with this, I am a Divell. (meete.
I am a Divell? good, 'tis the blacke Lad I so long wish'd to

The Daunce continued, in the conclusion whereof, &c.

The Scrivener beares away the Knave; good Morrall.
The Prodigall the Begger; ever so;
The Familist the Strumpet, not amisse;
Oh but the Usurer still the Divell and all,

Whom

Whom I ſo faine would ſpeake with; Belzebub,
If thou haſt any ſufferance here on Earth,
Or limited power o're man, once more appeare
And offer me free language. *Enter the Divell like a*
Di. Did you call? *Gentleman, with*
Sl. Why, what art thou? *glaſſe eyes.*
Di. The Divell Belzebub, whom thou ſo late ſo loud didſt (invocate
Sl. How cam'ſt thou by this ſhape of Gentleman?
Di. As if all habits, faſhions, and attires
Were not with me familiar? I ſometimes
Into a Lawyer can transforme my ſelfe
To delay Cauſes; then to a Divine,
To deviſe new Sects, Sciſmes, and Hereſies:
To a Taylor for new faſhions: to a Sempſter,
I was firſt Father for this yellow Sterch,
Which did ſucceed the blew; to a Feather-maker
For Gentlewomans Fans, mens ſpriggs, and falls;
Sometimes I am a Page, and daily attend
Upon my Lords luxurious appetites:
Then can I play the Maſter, Knight, and Lord,
And then coyne ſtrange varieties of riots,
Luſts, and exceſſes, never heard before.
Indeed, what can I not?
Sl. Bee good thou canſt not? (that.
Di. It never was my ſtudy, and of all things I onely except
Sl. Thou canſt not pray?
Di. Yes, both on ſoule and body, where I am ſuffered.
Sl. Thou canſt not Preach.
Di. How then came all thoſe Pulpit Hereſies
That have with Chriſtians, Chriſtians ſet at odds?
I read to that great Doctor *Arius*,
That poyſon'd three parts of the Chriſtian World;
There's not a Sectary, nor a Sciſmaticke,
To whom I am not Tutor.
Sl. Can I then taske thee in nothing? *Di.* No.
Sl. Thou canſt not ------ ſtay?
Thou canſt not change affection, nor invert the paſſions of
The ſoule; turne hate to love, and love to hate,

Di. Tuſh, that with eaſe I can.
Sl. And revenge wrongs? *Di.* At pleaſure.
Sl. One thing more, and I conclude;
Thou canſt not raiſe a man of deſperate hopes
To a full furniſh'd palme; to pay his debts,
And to give freely where he pleaſe to diſtribute?
Di. Am I not Titled Prince of all the World?
And lyes there that in this great Univerſe
Excepted from my large Dominion?
Am I not Mammon too, the god of gold,
Soveraigne of all Exchequors, treaſures, mints,
And thoſe rich Mines that ſet the World at odds?
In ſearch of which men hazard dangerous Seas,
Expoſe them to diſeaſes, and ſtrange Climates,
Above their natures: Gold? I am Father of it,
And have it in abundance.
Sl. Then from can, I come to will; wilt thou, great *Belzebub*, ſo much of thy huge ſurpluſage make mine
As ſhall doe all that I have here propoſ'd?
Di. I will: but on condition.
Sl. Make thine owne.
Di. That when thy wiſhes have attain'd effect,
Thou art full han'led, haſt paid all thy debts,
And nothing ow'ſt to any, I may then
Moſt freely claime thy ſoule.
Sl. Come, ſtrike me lucke; it is a bargaine:
Wee ſhall neede no witneſſe.
Di. Thy conſcience is a Thouſand, that ſhall ſerve;
Let me but have't confirm'd beneath thy hand,
And my Exchequor's open.
Sl. 'Tis confirm'd; I ſee the Divell yet hath more honeſty
Then hath his Son, the Uſurer; for to him
A man may pawne his ſoule a thouſand times
Ere he can get a penny: but the Father's,
Of a farre more free nature.
Di. Come, withdraw, we'le
Have't confirm'd within. *Exeunt.*

Act 4. Scæn. 2. *Enter Lord* Skales, Treatwell, 2. Gentlemen, Geffery, *and Mistris* Changeable.

Lo. But is your house so haunted? *Wo.* Wondrously.
Lo. How long hath it bin so? *Wo.* Ten daies, no more,
Part of that time that *Slightall* hath bin Mad,
My daughter past her sences. *Gen.* 1. The whole house?
Wo. No, onely one by Chamber stands remote,
And in that after Midnight there's a noise,
That troubles the whole house of howlings, shrickes,
Fire-workes and Crackers, as if the great squib-maker
Were new come from beyond Sea.
Gen. 2. Hath none seene the Vision?
Wo. Onely my desperate Husband, who, one night,
Would be so foolish venturous as lodge there,
But did returne so frighted, told such wonders,
Still fright me to remember.
Tre. 'Tis most strange: sure 'tis some vex'd spirit that hath
Deceas'd of late from out the house: who dyed last in that (Chamber?
Wo. Heaven rest her soule, my mother.
Tre. Perhaps hers; who having hid some treasure in her
Life time must, till that be discovered, walke of force,
The like I have read in Legends.
Gen. 1. It hath bin common, though not in these dayes
Frequent, might I advise, I would seeke out for some
Religious man to exorcise the Spirit, and by that meanes
To banish thence the vision.
Lo. Counsail'd well; there are in towne 4. severall sorts
of Friers, white and blacke Friers, Gray Friers and crutched (Friers.
Gen. 2. Good, you call to my remembrance
Among them, one expert in the Art of *Necromancy*,
His Name Frier *Iohn*, whom *Islington* hath
Made famous through *London*.
Gef. Him I saw but now crosse by the doore.
Lo. Good *Geffrey* finde him out, and gently intreat him
But acquaint him not with the cause. (hither,
Gef. Sir I shall doe't.
Tre. But hath he done such strange things?
Gen. 2. Wondrous sir; he can transhape his spirits, if fame

Lye not, into what forme he pleaſe, to imitate me,
Or perſonate you; he could produce a Divell
In ſhape of this good ancient Gentlewoman.
Wo. A Divell ſir like me?
Gen. 2. H'hath done't in habite of a Conſtable,
And may doe't in a Gentlewomans; for his commons
In the Friers he cares not, he can for a need
Conjure his bread from *Spaine*, from *France* his wine,
His dyet from the utmoſt of the Earth,
Thus hath his fame given out. (cunning.
Gen. 1. Would we might ſee him to make proofe of his
Enter Changeable, *and his daughter* Anne.
Chan. And as I told thee *Nan*, beſwayed by mee,
Ile make him thine, employ my induſtry,
Counſell and paines, to weane him by degrees
From his wild courſe of deſperate Melancholy:
Ile ſeeke him out, perſwade him, lay thy love
As open as the mid-day: hope in me
And doubt not to prevaile. *An.* Sir, I am yours.
Ch. Thou knoweſt he loves me; I was ſtill his friend,
And friend with friend what cannot he performe?
Make thy ſelfe mine, Ile croſſe thy Mothers workings,
And foole that Lords attempts; onely be you of a more
Temperate humour, and more ſtay'd, obſerving but what I
Shall project for you, and doubt not my performance.
An. You in all things
Have prov'd your ſelfe a Father: Ile henceforth
Strive to expreſſe a Daughter.
Ch. Then enough.
Wo. Here's now my Husband, he can ſpeake it all.
Lo. But ere I queſtion that, of you, faire Miſtris,
Let me be firſt reſolv'd; is your Braine yet
In a more ſetled temper?
An. Sir, it is; me thinkes I am new wakened from a
Dreame, in which I long have ſlumbering loſt my ſelfe.
Wo. And now art found.
An. I am, thanke Heaven, and my good
Fathers counſell and advice.

Chan. I held it wife, a deed of charity, & did it for the Lords (ſake.
An. Sir, henceforth I ſhall obſerve you better.
Lo. You now have wreath'd me with a Crowne of hopes.
Wo. Made me againe thy Mother, and this worke,
Your ever patient and obedient wife.
Chan. Marry Heaven continue it wife, 'tis but need;
In conſcience thou haſt bin froward long enough.
Tre. Theſe things ſo well ſucceeding, pray reſolve us
In what forme doth this Divell haunt your houſe.
Chan. A womans ſure.
Tre. So I told you, ſure your Mothers.
Chan. Troth ſhe was ſomewhat ſhrewiſh like my wife,
But yet I thinke not hers.
Tre. Your reaſon ſir?
Chan. This apparition was the full portract of a young (beautious Lady.
Gen. 1. On my life *Acadna* then.
Lo. *Acadna*? what's *Acadna*?
Gen. 1. A harmeleſſe Spirit faſhion'd from the Aire,
And yet aſſuming ſubſtance, ſhape and forme,
That where ſhe loves, doth all the Offices
Of a faire Lady: can ſupply with gold.
Gen. 2. And all things to man uſefull.
Chan So I have heard; but this cannot be ſhe,
For this had with her beauty ſo much terrour,
So much affright and horrour in her lookes,
Such a confuſed noyſe, with helliſh ſounds
Able to drive the ſences retrograde;
Turne reaſon into madneſſe, and invert
Capacity to fury; that, I vow
I would not to be heire of all the World
Endure like night againe. *Enter Geffrey & Frier Iohn.*
Gen. 2. Here comes the Frier, the man can beſt inſtruct us.
Io. Haile Gentlemen, this man that ſtands at Livery
And ſaith he doth belong to a great Lord.
Hath partly by intreates, part by command,
Enforc'd me from my meditations backe
To know his Lordſhips pleaſure.
Lo. Welcome Frier, 'tis told us thou canſt exorciſe a ſpirit,

We have employment for thee.

Io. Expect you ſuch things from religious men,
And of our holy Order?

*Gen.*2. Come, we know you are an Artiſt in that hidden skill;
And have commerce with mighty *Aſterothe*,
That great Arch Divell.

Io. Now mercy Heaven, who hath ſeduc'd you thus?

*Gen.*1. Come, come we know it,
And this withall; in what men are moſt expect,
In that they are moſt dainty, and ſo you;
In Dauncers and Muſitions 'tis found true;
Of all men, where they are moſt excellent,
They are moſt curious to expreſſe their skill,
So no queſtion, you.

Gef. Remember *Iſlington*, my Hoſt, my Hoſteſſe, and the
Should we be ſilent, every Oyſter-wife, (Conſtable,
Fiſh-wife, and thoſe cry Milke and Orenges
Can ſpeake of your rare ſupper; fye, Frier *Iohn*,
And ſo dainty to your friends? (evade it,

Io. Either I muſt take upon my ſelfe, and by ſome tricke
Or elſe ſhame that which I have done before.

Lo. Nay gentle Frier. *Wo.* For reverence of your Order.

Tre. As you would purchaſe us your laſting friends.

*Gen.*1. Or make us at our deaths,
Give Legacies unto your holy Couent.

*Gen.*2. Come, we know what you can doe, good Frier.

Io. What, you make me a Conjurer?

Gef. A man of Art, no more; ſo much we know you are.

Io. Well, what's the buſineſſe?

Lo. This Gentleman, you know him.

Io. My good Maſter.

Lo. His houſe is haunted by a wicked ſpirit
Which we would have you by your Art remove.

Io. As how?

Lo. To lodge one night within the Chamber,
And know of it the cauſe of its diſturbance,
Or what might be the will of the deceaſſ'd,
Which knowne, and being performed, the troubled Ghoſt

might

Might reſt in peace.
Io. Lodge where the foule fiend walkes?
A propper jeſt t'expoſe me to ſuch danger,
So I might come to juſtifie the Proverbe,
Where had the Divell the Frier, but where he was;
But I muſt face it out: Pray Gentlemen, which of you all
Hath ſeene that Viſion? in what ſhape walkes it?
Chan. Like a woman ſir, but with ſuch horrour
And aſtoniſhment, I tremble once to ſpeake't.
Io. And I to heare't.
What a ſhee Divell now? for all the World
I would not once affront her; bring me hither
Ten thouſand male Fiends, I could charme their tongues
Before one Female fury.
Chan. Sure this Frier is wittily conceited?
Io. Had it bin great *Belioth*, *Aſteroth*, or *Belzebub*,
I durſt affront them, and confront them too,
Oh but the Divells Dam; why againſt her
There is no Prayer, no Spell, no Exorciſme;
No Circle that can hold her: But appear'd ſhe
Wrinckled in Brow or faire and beautifull?
Chan. As lovely to the view as flouriſhing May,
Clad in the pride of Spring.
Io. So much the worſe,
Well wot you that our Order is by Oath
Confin'd from any meeting with that Sex,
Eſpecially at Midnight; and ſo late;
Scarce in the day-time durſt I meet a face
Of ſuch Temptation, but in dead of reſt
'Twould ſcandalize my Order.
Chan. Preſſe him not, if he be ſo preciſe. {next;
Io. Heavens *Beniſon* and mine light on you till I meet you
But to lye there where a ſhe Divell haunts,
(Leſſe with my Hoſtes by at *Iſlington*)
May the Grand Divell fetch me, bleſſe you all. *Exit.*
Chan. Tuſh, Schollers ſtill are Cowards, let him paſſe,
Daughter, you ſtill are mine?
An. Elſe not my owne.

Chan.

Chan. Enough; will any of you Gentlemen,
In that my laſt nights lodging ſecond me?
Lo. 'Tis too full of terrour; *Geffrey* wilt thou?
Gef. Offer my ſelfe to the Divill before my time?
You might accuſe my folly. *Chan.* Or any heere?
*Gen.*1. Not I. *Gen.*2. Nor I.
Chan. It ſhall be then my care to finde out one
To conjure downe this ſpirit, and doubt it not.
Lo. So much for that: But Miſtris, what from me,
Except you to expreſſe my gratitude
For this ſo late a favour?
An. Onely this; t'avoyd all imputation fame may caſt
Upon my honour touching *Sir Falls* fall,
In which the World may thinke I had chiefe hand:
'Tis but to find him out, and on his poverty
Beſtow ſome ſmall reliefe.
Lo. Now as I live, Ile doe't with a full and
Plentious hand if that be all.
Tre. Ile aide him in the ſearch to make
That ſweet concluſion.
Ch. In the meane time't ſhall be my providence
To have my houſe unhaunted; come my Lord,
Leade you the way, my wife and I will follow.
Remember *Nan.* *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scæn. 3. *Enter* Roger.

Rog. Want whil'ſt I have, or heare my pockets chide?
While his are ſilent? there's no juſtice in't:
And if he doe while my Exchequor laſts,
May I be held a Proverbe made to caſt
In every falſe Groomes teeth?
Vſu. Is this the day? *Scri.* It is. *Vſu.* Art ſure?
Scri. Upon my--- *Vſu.* What? thy faith?
Scri. Upon my Eares 'tis true.
Vſu. I will not truſt to heare-ſay, let thine eyes
Proclaime what's written in this Almanack,
If this be the ſet Day.

Scri.

Scri. *Quindecem Michaelis*, certainely the ſame.
Uſu. If t be not tendred then 'twixt Sun and Sun,
The Morgage is my owne.
Scri. If you have the conſcience to take the forfeit.
Uſe. Conſcience? what in that is wanting he ſhall find
Made good in Law.
Enter Slightall *Gallant, and his Page with Mony-baggs.*
Sl. I ſee the Divell yet is good to ſome,
Though it repents me of the Bargaine ſeal'd,
Yet am I glad and proud of my ſupply;
Which the more precious is, being infinite,
Not capable of end; for Mammons treaſure,
A prodigall hand may waſt, but ne're conſume.
Rog. What ſudden change is this? doe my eyes mock me,
Or muſt I call him Maſter?
Sl. *Roger?* a hand; I know thou art in want, as one ſome
Weekes that hath bin out of ſervice, take that gold
And ſpend it freely, when thou want'ſt here's more.
Rog. And you are both in caſh and ſence likewiſe?
Sl. Why man, 'tis want of mony makes men mad,
For that diſeaſe here's Phyſicke: honeſt Hodge,
Goe thou and ſummon all my Creditors,
Leave not a man to whom I owe, uncall'd,
And pay them to the utmoſt they demand;
Be ſo farre from bating of the Principall,
As pay them all arrerages; 'tis our will
And doe thou ſee't perform'd.
Rog. From whence came this ſir?
Sl. What's that to thee? have we not here to doe't?
Thoſe Debts that reckoned were meere deſperate (day.
Firſt ſee diſcharg'd, unleſſe ſome certaine Morgage tyed to a
Uſu. What Schreich-owles voice was that?
Sl. Monſieur Damnation? what, are you ſo neere?
I know you ſir, a Thouſand pounds and th'uſe,
Tender the ſumme, there's gold, and bring me backe
The Morgage of my Mannour.
Uſu. I'me undone then: no haſt good
Maſter *Slightall*, why to morrow,
Or the next day will ſerve, ſome fortnight hence,
Nay, were't a moneth, I could forbeare the money.

Sl. *Quindecem* Michaelis, you remember that,
I prethee ſee this man firſt ſatiſfied,
And doe't without delay: if he deny
The tender of't Ile have it done in Court;
With ſuch we muſt not dally quicke, good Hodge:
That once diſpach'd, affaires of greater conſequence
Attend thy truſt and care.

Rog. Come, will you walke ſir?

Uſu. If needs I will, we Uſurers are like women
Who conceive with great pleaſure, and are delivered
With great paine; ſo we get our wealth with infinite joy,
And part with the leaſt of it with infinite torment.

Sl. To any man that can but ſhew my hand,
Or witneſſe where I have but paſſ'd my word,
Pay ready downe, about it, and returne.

Rog. And have we liv'd to ſee the golden age once more?
Now *Geffrey*, if I meete you I dare affront you boldly.
Exeunt. *Manet* Slightall.

Sl. How want dejects, and plenty cheriſhes?
What a new change perceive I in my ſelfe?
Yet not ſo much in habite as in heart!
The ſight of gold hath ſhooke off all thoſe dumps,
Whoſe Leaden weights were hung upon my ſoule,
To keepe it downe from mounting; and I now
Finde in my ſelfe a free and dexterous ſpirit,
Uncapeable of cloudy Melancholy. *Ent.* *Lo.* Treatwell,

Lo. I muſt, as did my Miſtris late enjoyne, & Geffery.
Paſſe in the ſearch of this ſad Gentleman, and to
His low dejected poverty caſt ſome few peeces.

Tre. If his pockets lining ſuite but to the out-ſide
Of his Cloaths, he hath ſmall need of them. (cheate?

Gef. What, growne ſo brave? he hath ſure lighted on ſome

Lo. 'Twas her injunction, and doubtleſſe
Ile accoſt him; ſave you ſir.

Sl. I would be ſo, but 'tis not you can doe't.

Lo. I underſtood that you were late in want?

Sl. Not of a Wife; but for your Lord ſhips curteſie
I had had one too many, thanke you for it.

Lo. I came to ſeeke you. *Sl.* For another? no,
Now much good doe't you with the thing you have,

I have no more to part with.

Lo. Leaving that; I understand you are a Gentleman
Nobly derived; but withall, y'are poore.

Sl. You will not sell your Lordship?

Lo. Who should buy't?

Sl. Why he that askes the question, I, my Lord;
If you will walke by Land I'me your first man,
Ile bid as faire as any. *Lo.* He's mad still, leave him.

Gef. A Bankerupt idle fellow brave your Lordship?
Beate him to's wits, or let me kicke him for you. (*Peepe,*

Sl. Ha, what's that? who, *Geffery Codpeice, Iohn Boe*
Is't you that prate so freely? my young *Iudas,*
Have you conspir'd against me? *Gef.* Endure this?

Lo. Stay, first we will debate in friendly tearmes,
Before you grow to out-rage.

Sl. Done most Lordly; your tongue will grace you
Better than your Sword, 'tis the most Noble fashion.

Lo. I'le be briefe, I understood your state was much
Decay'd, which in my honour I commiserating,
My purpose was in some sort to relieve you;
And would you better understand your selfe,
It might appeare a noble courtesie,
Because it came so free and uncompell'd

Sl. Such as one Neighbour to another doth
To get his wife with Child, a courtesie, and so it fitly may
Be call'd because it brings him to his Knees.

Tre. Still, still misprision; might I advise you, proffer
What you purpose, and if refus'd, so leave him.

Lo. Counsail'd well: there's twenty pieces for you.

Sl. For a wife? Her Ladyship is yours for nought already,
And should I sell her twice?

Lo. This saucy fellow usurpes upon our patience,
Which we'le punish be our strong hand.

Sl. A punisher, my Lord? what beg the Beadles Office?

Gef. Dash out's braines. (Ile not obey.

Sl. I doubt his Lordships warrant is not currant, therefore

As they strive to oppresse him, Ent. Rog. *They 2. beate of the*

Rog. Sir, all's dispatcht, but by my faith I lye, (*other 3.*
Here's something here to doe,
Why Godamercy Master, I perceive

Your ſpirits not all ſpent.
Sl. Thankes to thy Sword, or I had bin oppreſſ'd elſe.
Rog. But how differ'd you? to be aſſail'd by ſuch a ſhamefull
Sl. They ſcoff'd at my ſuppoſed poverty, (odds.
And my great Lord forſooth, as I had begg'd,
Would have beſtowed his guerdon on my want,
Which taking in foule ſcorne, the valiant ſir
Aſſail'd me at theſe baſe advantages:
But haſt thou done as I enjoyn'd?
Rog. Moſt carefully; all's to the full diſpatch'd.
Sl. If with the Divell I could diſpence as well,
I ſhould have eaſe within. *Rog.* Ha, ſirra *Goffrey*, a
Thinke you plaid at leape Frog? *Di.* You are ſad ſir?
Enter the Divell, *and claps* Slightall *on the ſhoulder.*
Sl. Doe not demand thy debt before the day;
Thy forfeit is not due yet. (thee
Di. No ſuch thing; the buſineſſe that I come to treat with
Is of another nature. *Rog.* Sir, what's he?
Sl. To hot for thy acquaintance, doe not aske, (come.
Attend me to my Chamber, whether anon, I will not faile to
Rog. Too hot, and why? he may be honeſt, but he hath the
Countenance of an old ſubtle knave; well, I'le attend you. *Ex.*
Sl. Now what to me? *Di.* Have I not kept my word?
Sl. Thou haſt. *Di.* Stor'd thee with all the ſuppliments
Mans uſe can aske. *Sl.* It cannot be deny'd.
Di. Nay, was not I aſſiſtant in this quarrell, prompting thy
Man to come to thy releaſe, juſt at the inſtant danger:
Sl. His approach was fortunate and happy.
Di. Then ſpeake freely,
Did'ſt ever in thy life time meete a friend,
Whoſe word, aſſured truſt, and conſtancy
Could ranke with mine in all things?
Sl. Never any; but what may this inferre?
Di. Proofe of thy gratitude, or to be term'd unthankefull.
Sl. Speake wherein. *Di.* Wilt thou in meere
Requitall of ſo many, doe to me one faire Office?
Sl. Firſt propoſe it, and then expect an anſwer.
Di. There's a houſe haunted with a ſhe ſpirit, one of my
Servants, and Kitchin maides in Hell, employ'd by me
For ſome knowne cauſes, who hath play'd ſuch prankes there

No man's ſo bold dares lodge within the roome,
This bed would I have thee to undertake. (apparant.
Sl. To ſend me to Hell before my day? your plot is too
Di. Still amiſſe; have not I power o're al my creatures there
To limit and command them? art not thou
One of our houſe by Indenture? though to them
Shee appear'd gaſtly, horrid, and deform'd,
To thee ſhe ſhall ſeeme faire and beautifull,
No whit inferiour to that *Gracian* Queene,
That launcht 1000. Ships from *Aulis* Gulfe,
And brought them to the fatall ſiege of *Troy*.
Sl. Make but this good, Ile do't. *Di.* And ſo confirme thee
A Minyon to the mighty *Belzebub*,
And great in our blacke Kingdome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæne. 1.

Enter *Lord, Changables Wife*, and *Geffrey*.

Wi. BUt was he ſo perverſe and peremptory?
Lo. He brav'd neceſſity, and outfac'd want,
And tooke my proffer'd largeſſe in ſuch ſcorne,
As he had bin ſome great Kings Treaſurer;
My bounty he defy'd with ſhaking pockets,
The noiſe whereof deafned and ſeem'd to drowne
The ſound of my deſpiſed Charity;
Some pieces I would willingly have given.
Wi. Which would he not receive? *Lo.* Meerely refuſ'd,
And with a haughty and contemplative ſmile,
Inſtead of gratefull thankes, proudly demanded if I would
Sell my Lordſhip. *Wi.* Did you ſuffer it?
Lo. While I could limit patience I forbore,
To chaſtiſe him with an ungentle hand;
But when I found no bounds in his diſtaſt,
But that it ſtill exceeded Law and compaſſe,
I thought to chaſtiſe his ingratitude;
And did it with my Sword. *Wi.* 'Twas bravely done.
Gef. I thinke we made him fly, for I am ſure ſome there
Gave ſhamefull ground. *Wi.* But leaving that,

How doth my Daughter reliſh you of late?
Doe you not finde her comming?
Lo. Affible, as any courteous maid alive can be,
To whom I did diſcover theſe proceedings,
Which ſhe ſeem'd well to reliſh.
Wi. Doubt not then, all will be to our wiſhes;
One thing onely, which ſadds me when I thinke of't.
Lo. Pray what's that?
Wi. To thinke my houſe ſhould be ſo ſtrangely troubled
In dead of Night. *Lo.* It is prodigious ſure.
Wi. And that I feare it is my Mothers Spirit,
Who for ſome unknowne cauſes reſtleſſe walkes,
As one not ſleeping in her quiet grave;
'Tis this that moves me deepely. *Lo.* I have ſent
To one Frier *Bernand*, a Religious man,
And Tutor to Frier *Iohn*, to learne from him the depth of
This concealement; and ſee, in happy time
Treatwell's return'd *Ent* Treatwell.
Tre. Sir, I had conference with him. *Lo.* Will he do't?
Tre. By no entreaty or perſwaſive skill,
Nay were he preſſ'd by menace or command,
He vowes to have no hand in theſe deſignes;
I could not make him thinke ſuch things can be;
He counts them meere impoſtures, falacyes,
Or, let a man receive them at the beſt,
Illuſions of the Divell; that Ghoſts walke
He ſaith directly 'tis impoſſible,
And in that faith he'le dye; further diſcourſe (he left me.
I could by no meanes get him liſten to, but halfe diſpleaſ'd
Wi. That's his faith, but we are froc'd to credit
Otherwiſe by lamentable proofe. *Ent. M.* Changeable.
Gef. Here comes your husband, he hath perhaps ſome newes
Chan. I have bin labouring, toyling and moyling,
To finde the cauſe of this ſo ſtrange diſtemperature,
Queſtion'd Divines, and talkt with cunning men,
With Fortune-tellers, skill'd in *Palmiſtry*,
Not a tain'd Gipſey can eſcape my ſearch, but I with ſuch
Have Trafficke. *Wi.* And what comfort?
Chan. Troth ſmall, or none yet, moſt in this conclude,
That pretend Iudgement; that till we finde ſome one

To lodge without companion in that Bed,
And in the dead of darkeneſſe queſtion it,
Why, to what end, and for what cauſe it walkes,
The Viſion ſhall continue: this they ſaid,
But none amongſt them all ſo reſolute as to
Attempt th'adventure. *Lo.* Then 'tis deſperate?
Chan. Not ſo; for comming from the Friery late,
I met a man by chance that croſſ'd my way,
Whom rather too much ſpirit had poſſeſſ'd,
Or too much folly made meere deſperate;
Would willingly attempt it, and indeed
He did intreat it of me as a Suite.
Lo. What reaſon mov'd him to't? *Chan.* Becauſe he's mad:
For who of underſtanding, or of ſence,
Would willingly confront great *Belzebub*,
Perhaps deſpaire, diſtraction, diſcontent
Or fury hath poſſeſt him; be't what will,
What's that to us? his is the certaine danger,
Ours the aſſured gaine. *Lo.* What might he be?
Chan. One like enough, were *Hurcules* alive,
With him in *Theſius* ſtead to enter Hell;
A mad companion whom you all well know,
One that was once a Suter to my Daughter.
Wi. Not *Slightall? Ch.* He. *Lo.* My Rivall? *Ch.* Even the ſame.
Wi. Of all men living I am loath that he ſhould lodge
Beneath my Roofe; were there none ſuch he'de play the
Divell himſelfe. *Chan.* But wee have thoſe
Within, can tame him were he twice ſo wild.
Lo. But he to be receiv'd? of all men living
I doe not love that fellow. *Chan.* See your errour,
What better way, more ſecret, and more ſafe
Can we deviſe to be reveng'd, than this?
To have him peece-meale torne by Haggs and Fiends;
He hath no prayer to arme him 'gainſt their aſſault,
His Oathes will be aſſiſtant to their fury,
And further not repell it: You by this
Are from a Rivall freed; my daughter *Nan*,
From an importunate Suter, Begger too;
We all from a diſturber, and a man
That wrong'd our common quiet. *Gef.* He ſayes true ſir,

Let

Let all your anger then conclude in this,
And bid the Divell take him. *Wife.* A good riddance.
Tre. I know not how you could diſpoſe him better
And empty all your wiſhes. *Lo.* Well, I am pleaſ'd,
Employ your beſt diſcretions. *Chan.* But where's *Nan?*
Wo. Sicke in her Chamber, where ſhe keepes her Bed,
And dares not thence remove. *Chan.* The worſe for her,
Yet for our purpoſe better, as it happes,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not ſee him, nor he her;
Harke, there's one knocks, 'tis *Slightall* on my life;
Diſperſe I doe entreat, Ile anſwer him. *Within.*
Sl. Where's this Three-headed Dog that keeps Hell gates?
He knockes that faine would enter. *Ch.* 'Tis the ſame,
I know him by his roaring. *Enter* Slightall.
Sl. If this, as many men give out, be Hell,
Shew me the Maſter? he that keepes the houſe:
Pluto that great grim ſir. *Chan.* I am the Lord
Of this poore Mannour; now, I cannot tell
By what hard Fate diſtreſſ'd. *Sl.* Oh, you keepe lodgings,
And as I underſtand, the Divell here hath late tooke up his
Chan. My greater griefe ſir. (Inne.
Sl. I would for one night be his Chamber-fellow,
Shall I have entertainment, good mine Hoſt?
Chan. I would not wiſh you ſir. *Sl.* Wiſh me no wiſhes,
I am the Knight adventurer that would doe't:
One thing reſolve me; hath the Divell your Gueſt
A Horſe in the Stable? *Chan,* None ſir, I aſſure you.
Sl. Then make him pay for's Bed; it is the cuſtome
Of every Inne through *England.* *Chan.* Sir, I know you,
And ever wiſh'd you to your hearts deſire,
How well you may remember; if forgot,
In you 'tis errour, and no fault in me.
Sl. Which love I thus have ſtudied to requite,
To conjure hence your Divell; how appeares it?
In Feminine ſhape? *Chan.* Yes, like a womans ſure.
Sl. But not like Madam *Proſerpine* your wife?
No ſhape elſe can affright me. *Chan.* I muſt confeſſe
A Divell of her tongue, but no way elſe ſir.
Sl. Shew me my Chamber. *Ch.* This. *Sl.* My lodging. *Ch.* There
Sl. Command me two faire Tapers, that may laſt

And

And burne out this nights hell. *Chan.* Instantly.
Sl. Those, my good sword, this Booke, and my bold heart
Are Guards sufficient 'gainst a thousand shadowes
Of no Corporeall essence capable.
Chan. Here be your Lights. *Sl.* Some wine too, I entreat,
'Tis the best armour to a fainting soule,
And then no further trouble. *Chan.* It shall be done.
Sl. Whom am I to encounter? singly too?
Without a second? spirits, or Fantasmes?
Ghosts being, or imaginary dreames?
Not in the comfortable day, and view
Of judgiug eyes, but in the solitude
Of melancholy darkanesse? Ile not thinke of't, before
I find the truth, or mockery. *Ent. with Wine,* Chan.
Chan. I have brought your Livery. *Sl.* Indeed I must thank
you for't? indeed I am your man; now, if you please,
Leave me to my adventure. *Chan.* Rest may your Body,
And peace possesse your thoughts. *Sl.* What e're betide me,
Good night to you: see the doores lockt and bolted,
That's all I shall enjoyne you; till we meete
A faire and prosperous Morning: did I know
What object I should meet with, I could then
Fit me unto the plunge accordingly,
And arme me for the Grapple; but of this
I nothing can conjecture: oh but that Parchment
By which I am oblig'd to pay a soule,
The memory of that is horrible,
And strikes me with affright: what can I ghesse,
But that this is my divells Stratagem,
To have his Serjeant death arrest me heere;
And beare me to that cursed Dungeon, Hell?
An Usurer would doe't; any fat Serjeant
That lookes as plumpe in cheekes as th'other leane;
Then why not these? their gaine's but petty trash,
But these the precious riches of a soule;
Yet in these Hell-hounds have I greater trust
Than in those Doggs of th'Earth, for I am sure
The Divell himselfe can be no Usurer,
He is so free of his purse; and hitherto
Hath lent his money gratis: Ile to Bed,

And yet I will not ; I'me no whit diſmay'd,
Nor yet at peace within ; diſquieted
With ſudden feares, nor yet well reconcil'd :
Ile try if I can ſleepe ; and yet not ſo,
Leſt I be taken napping ; yet Ile throw me
Upon the Bed and reade.

Ent. Divells dauncing, with Fire wokes, and Crackers.

Hey, hey, the Divells daunce, ſure Hell's broke looſe ?
And this is their Shrove Tueſday ; hornes upon you,
And that's the Cuckolds curſe ; yet this was ſport,
Though ſomewhat fearefull : had they proffer'd violence,
This ſhould have thraſh'd among them, but it ſeemes
Theſe were no quarreling ſpirits ; yet howſoe're,
I am glad they are gone : what object ſhall be next?
Muſicke? yet this ſounds ſweeter than the firſt,
For that was all of diſcords.

Ent. two Maides with Banquet and Lights ; after courteſies to him, they fetch in Anne, *and place her at the Table againſt him.*

What, in Hell are there white Divells, Angels are
Theſe of Light, or but light Angels ? Banquet too ?
And Feaſt? the furies in the lower World
I thought till now had fed on hot meates all ;
On parboyl'd Murtherers, Uſurers roaſted fleſh,
Whores cheekes for dainties, Carbonado'd o're
Red ſulphurous Gridions, and a thouſand ſuch :
But what's ſhe enters now ? to whom the reſt
Doe ſuch obeyſance ? place her in her State,
As if ſhe were the Queene grim *Pluto* ſtole,
And great *Alcides* once redeem'd from Hell ?
Be'ſt thou Ghoſt, ſhadow, Fuery, Fiend, or Hag,
Introth thou art a faire one ; In Heavens name
What art thou ? ſpeake, do'ſt anſwer me in ſmiles ?
Why do'ſt thou beckon me ? point to thoſe ſhadowes,
As were the meates eſſentiall ! had I a ſtomacke,
With thee I durſt not eate : do'ſt laugh at me ?
Oh hadſt thou but a ſubſtance to that preſence
I'de dare on thee, wert thou th' infirnall Dam.
Temptation ſtill ? Ile thinke her what ſhe ſeemes,
For no affright can lodge in her faire looke,
And venture ſomewhat neere ; ſhe's left alone,

And ſingle; I will to her, what would you have me
Sit there? I will; eate? but begin Ile do't:
Faine would I take her by the hand, but feare
Hers rather would melt mine, than melt in mine:
Why ſhould my ſence of touching thus turne Coward?
My eyes being ſo valiant, can you ſpeake?
Oh ſuch a wife through all the world I'de wiſh,
That would be ever Tongue-ty'd; reach your hand?
I would and gladly too; s'foot I will venture,
No danger, a white, ſoft, and delicate palme,
That nigh diſſolves in touching: you feele well,
Sweet, can you kiſſe? moſt ſweet and excellent;
Againe, againe; were there no worſe in Hell,
And this the place, here would I wiſh to dwell.
Nay you that can both touch and lip it too,
Sure can doe ſomething elſe: be'ſt thou a *Lamia*,
Or *Incubus*, thou canſt not ſcape meſo;
I have a ſpirit in me great as thine:
Th'haſt boorded it, Ile ſee if thou eanſt Bed,
And try if thou haſt mettle to thy ſhape;
Dumbe ſpirits cannot clamour out for helpe,
Ile now try Maſteries. *Thundering and howling, Ent.*
Chan. Thinke upon thy Bond. Chan. *like the Divell*
Sl. Ha? when is't due? *Di.* Now. *Sl.* Helliſh Fiend thou lyeſt;
But ere thou claim'ſt that debt, ſhew me that beauty
I am ſo much entranc'd with.
Di. 'Tis vaniſht into Aire, whence it was form'd.
Sl. Great *Belzebub*, yet once more let me ſee't.
Di. Not poſſible, untill you meet in Hell; ſo neere
Thy Fate, and cannot now the terrour of that place
Coole thy hot courage? ſee the forfeiture,
And here I doe arreſt thee. *Sl.* Angels bale mee,
Or I am ever loſt. *Di.* Canſt thou deny thy deed?
Sl. That hand I cannot, yet be not Judge and
Accuſer too; Ile put my cauſe to cenſure.
Di. Who ſhall doe't. *Sl.* The next we meete.
Di I am content, 'tis done; how ere thy ſoule
I'me confident is won. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scæn. 2. *Enter* Usurer, *and* Scrivener.

Usu. Oh, curse on that supply that snatcht from me
So rich a Morgage. *Scri.* You look'd not in the *Almanack*
For good and evill dayes. *Usu.* Yes, but too late:
For when 'twas past, I counsail'd with the day.
Scri. And pray what was the Motto. *Usu.* Ghesse I pray thee.
Scri. Alas poore man, all to no purpose, be better advis'd,
Or it may be, kept out of his clutches; these, if we may
Beleeve th' Astronomer, are omenous dayes.
Usu. Tush, none of these. *Scri.* What then? *Usu.* *Nihil* in Bag.
Scri. *Nihil* in Bag? a scurvy criticall Embleme,
Presaging empty pockets, why no Cutpurse
Will trade when that's in power; then why would you
Lend money in that unlucky houre?
Usu. It shall be a warning to me: in th' meane time
Would it were raz'd out of the Kalender quite,
It is a day prodigious. *Enter* Changeable *and* Slightall.
Di. If I can prove that all thy debts be paid
Thou art my owne, was't not, and speake thy conscience,
Our joynt condition? *Sl.* I confesse it was.
Di. That Usurer's one of thy maine Creditors,
But when thou wast so free to pay thy debts, thou ne're
Dream'st of thy forfeit; propose to him thy question.
Sl. And I will, I bid thee that thy money
Ne're shall doe, save thee.
Usu. Beshrow you sir, you made me start,
What is your will with me? *Sl.* I speake to thee
As to the Drawer at the Vintners Barre:
What is all paid? *Usu.* And like the Bar-boy I
When you bring ready mony, and keepe touch
All's pay'd sir, and y'are welcome. *Di.* 'Tis confess'd.
Scri. What's he that lookes so gastly?
Sl. 'Tis the Divell. *Scri.* My Pen and Inkhorne blesse me.
Usu. All those crosses that I have figur'd on the
Princes Coyne, stand still betwixt me and danger,
Exeunt Usu. and Scri.
Di. These are discharg'd, what refuge hast thou now?
Nay bring me unto all thy Creditors;
Ile prove thy debts discharg'd. *Sl.* I pray how many

Of our beſt *London* Gallants that hope Heaven,
Can ſay the like? merit I Hell for that?
Di. But I muſt have my bargaine. *Sl.* Two words to't.
Enter two Gentlemen.
Di. Haſt thou not ow'd to theſe? *Sl.* Moſt true, I have.
Di. Reſolve me friends, as you are Gentlemen,
In what knowne ſummes did this man ſtand ingag'd to
Each of you? *Gen.*1. I know not why you aske ſir,
But the time was he ought me ſome few peeces,
I thought them deſperate once, but nobly, ſince
He to the full hath ſeene me ſatisfied.
*Gen.*2. I never met with a more generous debtor,
I onely truſted him with ſome few ſummes,
And he hath paid me uſe and principall,
A thing I ne're expected. *Di.* That's all Gentlemen---morow
*Gen.*1. The like to you; I wonder what the Divell
Slightall ayles, he lookes ſo ſtrangely on us?
*Gen.*2. Sparkes no doubt, of his firſt madneſſe. *Exeunt.*
Di. Doe but name the man, to whom thou canſt appeale.
Sl. I muſt confeſſe I'me gone by th'common Law,
The *Chancery* too, becauſe of thee, my conſcience,
If to any, I appeale to the Church. *Di.* And to whom there?
Sl. To any reverent Father. *Ent. Frier* Ber. *and Frier* Iohn.
Di. Then to theſe, to both, or either, freely take thy choice.
Sl. Holy Frier *Bernard* then, my parting breath
Could not deſire a better confeſſor.
Di. Reade there, and tell me what thou think'ſt of that.
Ber. Give me but leave to take my ſecond eyes,
I will reſolve you preſently.
Di. In th'interim, what's the beſt newes in the pariſh?
Sl. Where I live? *Di.* Yes. *Sl.* Ile tell thee all I know,
We are better to the Suburbes than they planted
Within the City; there on holy dayes
The taverne doores are ever ſhut till ſixe,
Elſe is the Vintner fin'd; but there where wee
Keepe rendevous may be let in at three, and never ſtir
The Informers. *Ber.* Horrible; what tremour this begets?
Io. Is that the Divell? *Ber.* So this Indenture ſpeakes.
Io. Ten thouſand Creeds, as many Pater-noſters,
Ave Maries ſtand betweene me and harme.

Ber. In theſe conditions, I like a cunning Lawyer find a
Clauſe to cheate the Divell, and to ſave a ſoule;
Be'ſt thou the greateſt fell with Lucifer,
Nay he himſelfe, I now am arm'd for thee: what claim'ſt
Thou of this man? *Di.* I claime a ſoule.
Ber. Which is not forfeit. *Di.* Shew me reaſons why.
Ber. By helpe of Heaven I ſhall: this deede thus runs;
When all his Creditors are ſatisfied,
His Bonds diſcharg'd and cancell'd, debts full paid,
His Morgages call'd in, his words redeem'd,
This Bond is then in vertue; not till then.
Di. All this I grant, and call to witneſſe none
Save his owne Conſcience; art thou not at freedome,
And cleare from all the world? *Sl.* Moſt true, I am,
Nor can I name that party under Heaven
To whom I owe one farthing; a braſſe token
Will cancell all my ſcores. *Io.* 'Tis a plaine caſe.
Ber. Yes, but againſt the Divell. *Di.* Speake, how that?
Ber. What were the ſummes for which he ſtood ingag'd?
Di. Some fifteene thouſand pounds, which I have pay'd,
And now the man owes nothing; therefore duely I
Claime both ſoule and body. *Ber.* Both are quit,
As thou thy ſelfe ſhalt to thy griefe confeſſe;
For I will prove him more indebted now
Than e're he was before. *Di.* To whom? *Ber.* To thee,
Whom till he have diſcharg'd the utmoſt penny,
The Bond's of no effect. *Di.* And am I tripp'd?
Io. The Divell hath bragg'd he hath caught many a Frier,
Now one hath caught the Divell. *Sl.* Am I cleare then?
Io. Yes, till thou pay'ſt him all his money downe,
Which when thou doeſt th'art worthy to be damn'd.
Sl. Inſert but that condition mongſt the reſt,
And I'le againe ſubſcribe; Gramercy Frier.
Di. Nay then I ſee vainely we Divells ſtand againſt the
Church, they have ſtill the upper hand,
I yeeld me vanquiſh'd; in the meame time Frier read
And conceale. *Gives him another paper to reade.*
Sl. What, by a quidd it freed? by a quirke in the Law? by
This I ſee the Divell's no good Lawyer: give me my deed,
That I may ſee it cancell'd and undone:

Ile teare it ſmall as Atomes, that no memory
Of the leaſt Letter be reſerv'd as witneſſe
Againſt my ſoule when I ſhall reſurvive;
Nor ſhall I be at patience till I ſee
This Parchment aſhes, and this horrid Writ
Diſſolv'd to ſmoake and aire. *Di.* Yet for my love,
For all the good thou haſt receiv'd by me,
For all my coſt and charges, large expence,
As I acquit thee truely, ſo thou freely
Lend me thine eare. *Sl.* Thy bounty hath deſerv'd it;
To ſave a ſoule I know no Scrivener here
That would not onely lend but give an eare.
Ber. I am inform'd to th'full; if this be true,
Divell, th'art honeſt, and ſhalt have thy due:
Aſſociate me Frier *Iohn.* *Io.* With all my heart,
If this be *Aſteroth* I ſo late invoakt, I never ſhall deſire
His company, but on an empty ſtomacke. *Ex. Friers.*
Sl. And ſhall I meet her there? *Di.* Preſume thou ſhalt.
Sl. The ſelfe ſame ſpirit? *Di.* And enjoy her to:
Doe thou but hazard as thou did'ſt before
And doubt not, ſhe's thine owne. *Sl.* Subſtantially?
Di. As a contracted Bride and Bed-fellow.
Sl. No difference in her ſhape and ornament?
Di. None. *Sl.* Thou canſt doe much with me, nor doe I
Know beyond what bounds thy credence to extend: thou
May'ſt prove falſe, but th'haſt bin yet my friend. *Exeunt all.*

Act. 5. Scæn. 3. *Enter* Anne *in Bed, Miſtris* Changeable, *Lord* Skales, Treatwell *and* Geffery.

Lo. Run for the Doctor *Geffery.* *An.* Let him ſtay,
Deaths Image cannot ſhew ſo gaſtly to me
As would the ſhape of Doctor, Ile have none.
Wi. Nay ſweet *Nan* be perſwaded. *An.* If he come
Good faith Ile live no longer. *Lo.* Sooth her up,
Or ſhe will grow to frenzy. *Wi.* How doth my ſweet heart?
An. Sicke, oh ſicke at heart, and you keepe ſuch a buzzing
In my eares, that I can take no reſt;
Would you would leave mee.
Wi. See here's my Lord. *An.* From whom, if't
Be his will, the Lord deliver me. *Tre.* The maid talkes idly.
Wi. What would my honey have? *An.* Your abſence,

Mother,

Mother, and yours, and all of you; I am but dead
Unleſſe you give me reſt; oh ſicke, ſicke, ſicke,
Your tongues like untun'd Bells, ſound in my eares,
Nothing but Grave and Church-yard. *Wi.* Whom wilt have
To watch with thee all night? *An.* None but my Father,
All tongues are noiſe and diſcords ſaving his;
But his like charming Muſicke, quietly
Summons my eyes to reſt; and could I ſleepe once
I hope I ſhould be better, oh. *Lo.* 'Tis beſt to humour her.
An. I ſhall diſclaime all friendſhip with that tongue
That ſpeakes another ſillable; this prating
It ſtrikes quite through my head, and makes it beate
As it would fall in peeces. *Wi.* Silence all. (that be?
An. Mother, you talke of ſilence, and yet ſpeake; how can
Wi. Mum. *An.* if you were ſicke at heart as I, you'de
Say mum were a word, Mum ſounds to me, being ſicke,
Loud as a Cannon; why ſo? I thanke you all, indeed you
Doe me now a wondrous kindneſſe; I pray, pray for me, I
ſhall be well at midnight, well at heart;
And at head too I hope: and Mother, nay reply not,
I'me like the man that could endure no noiſe
In'th ſilent woman, anſwer all in ſignes;
Mother I hope ere morning I ſhall find
Some more hearts eaſe; remember when you ſee't,
I told you of't before hand: I would ſleepe:
Hand in my bed, Ile turne to the wall, and try if I can
Sleepe, ſo good night all. *The Bed pull'd in*
Wi. So, ſoftly as you can; ſome little reſt
Will bring her to her temper, for this night
We will commit her to her Fathers charge, ſince ſhe ſo
Much deſires it. *Lo.* Any thing to give her leaſt content.
Enter old Changeable *and* Roger.
Chan. Thou knowſt my mind, what thou haſt undertooke
Mannage with good diſcretion. *Rog.* 'Tis as ſafe
Here in my breaſt as under bolts and lockes,
The cunning'ſt pick-locke tongue that ever ſpake
Shall turne theſe ſprings to ope them; farewell ſir.
Chan. Farewell good *Roger*, but no word to' your Maſter
Of what I have reveal'd thee kept from him.
Rog. As I would doe a kindneſſe, lay't in me,

From my old fellow *Geffery*. *Exit.*
Chan. Now my Lord; I am ſtill labouring for the generall
Good, to have my houſe at peace, and you content;
But Wife, how is't with *Nan?* *Wi.* Sir, wondrous ill,
She will endure no counſell, phyſicke, language,
All tongues are clamour to her, ſaving yours,
Harſh as a blacke *Sant*, or a grating Wheele;
And I much feare without ſome providence, ſhe ſcarce
Will live till morning. *Chan.* 'Las poore Girle.
Lo. But ſhe entreats in midd'ſt of all extreames
That you would take the paines to watch with her,
No other ſhe'le endure. *Chan.* And ſir, I'le doe't,
No other tongue this night ſhall trouble her, nor preſence
Save my owne; ſhall I entreate your Lordſhip, you good
Wife, and thoſe you thinke beſt to aſſociate you,
To ſtand in ſight of all ſuch Apparitions
As ſhall in this roome be made viſible?
My life ſhall for your ſafety be ingag'd, in it can be no
Danger. *Lo.* What aſſurance can you produce for that?
Chan. The word and faith of ſome approv'd religious,
Who have promiſ'd, at my great interceſſion, that this
Night ſhall be the laſt of all my progidies
That thus afflict my houſe.
Tre. I am but one and I my ſelfe will venture. *Gef.* Faith
And I. *Chan.* I do not think wife but there will be viſions
Worthy both ſight and obſervation to;
What will you ſay if *Slight all* be this night
Contract to a ſhe fury? but no words,
Ile not tell you all I know; he's paſt his ſence
And apt for any ſtratagem of Hell: I am promiſ'd
Much faire hope; will you aſcend and guide my Lord to a
Convenient place, where you may view this object?
Wi. In th' meane time, how will you diſpoſe your ſelfe?
Chan. To watch with *Nan*,
And in her great diſpaire to comfort her;
Nought but the dangerous ſickneſſe of my Girle
Could keepe me from you, but the houre drawes on,
Which Ghoſts ever are tyed to. *Wi.* Mauger ſpirits, Ile
Once take ſpirit into me. *Lo.* A woman lead? *They aſcend.*
'Twere baſeneſſe not to follow. *Chan.* My Girle's my

Charge; ſhe hath bin ever ſo, and therefore ought
This night; and ſince one Divell ſome
Few dayes ſince began to haunt my houſe
She ne're had peace of thought, health, nor content,
Or leaſt eſſentiall comfort; which to compaſſe,
All Art, wit, learning, this night Ile implore
To drive him hence, ſhall haunt my houſe no more. *Exit.*

Thunder. *Enter above Lord, Wife,* Treatwell, *and* Geffery.

Lord. The Larum's given;
For at that watch word ſtill the ruſling noyſe begins.
Gef. Would I were hence.
Lor. Now ſweeter Muſicke ſtrikes.
Wif. There's no affright in this.

Enter Fryers, Bernard *and* Iohn *at ſeverall doores, as hallowing the Roome.*

Gef. My Lord theſe Friers I know. *Lo.* But whether
They, or but their ſhadowes by Art Magicke raiſ'd we
Cannot yet preſume. *Wi.* But this I'me ſure.
They are exceeding like.

Frier Bernard *fetches in at his doore* Slightall, *and* Roger, *Frier* Io. *at his,* Anne *and the* Divell.

Lo. That can be none but *Slightall.* *Gef.* My Lord ſee, my
Fellow *Roger's* damn'd, for he's got in
Among the Fiends and Furies.
Wi. Were I not certaine my daughter *Nan* were deſperately
Sicke, and kept both Bed and Chamber, I durſt ſweare
That were my Girle. *Gef.* Is ſhe not dead to night, and
Now her Ghoſt there walkes? *Lo.* What might we
Thinke of't? the Friers prepare for Marriage; but what, he
Stands for the Father, whom they beckon to, to give
Her hand to *Slightall.* *Gef.* Now I have't;
Upon my life the Divell can be no better; ſhe the illuſive
Spirit by whom this roome was haunted, contracted
Now unto yon deſperate Ruffian.
Lo. But this troubles me, the Fury ſhould aſſume no other
Shape but her faire Angell beauty. (ſtand it.
Wi. Even for that, great reaſon too, [would I could under-
Wi. Becauſe he was enamoured firſt on her,
The more to tempt him, ſhe aſſum'd that ſhape,

Whom

Whom elſe could ſhe ſo fitly perſonate?
Nay goe together, you have my conſent,
Ile ne're forbid the Banes.
Lo. Much joy unto you, good troth nor I.
Wi. TheDivell give you good of't. *Chan.* And ſo the
Divell doth, for your kind conſent my Lord I thanke you,
And gentle wife for yours. *An.* And, next my Father,
I hold it my fit duty, thankes to both.
Wi. Let me leape downe the next way, for the contract
I vow to breake. *Rog.* But Miſtris, that's the next way
To breake your necke, and keepe the contract firme;
The Staire-caſe will doe better. *Lo.* Thus o're reach'd?
Wi. Fool'd and deluded? give me way my Lord,
For I will downe among them.
Rog. Hye to ſhelter, for there's a ſtorme comming.
Sl. That you are man, this woman, I am rapt
And extaſy'd in braine, but cannot yet
Unwrappe my ſences from this wondrous maze;
This ſuddaine light of knowledge ſo much dazels,
That in my judgement I am blinded quite,
And know not how to free me.
Chan. That anon, my Daughter making knowne your
Deepe diſpaire, your helpe I ſtudied both of purſe and braine,
And fearing a loſt ſoule, I then turn'd Divell,
To prove your better Angell; talke with her,
For I muſt arme for thunder.

Enter *Lord*, *Wife*, *Treatwell*, and *Geffery*.

Wi. Was this a marriage in the Divells name?
Chan. Yes, and his Dam in preſence; ſhe lookt on,
Wi. That your ſhee *Lamia*?
Chan. Yes, my ſweet wench *Nan*.
Wi. Were you ſicke with a vengeance?
An. But I told you I ſhould be well by Midnight;
So good Mother I feele my ſelfe I am well, never better.
Ch. Shall I be plaine, my Lord? I crave your pardon,
Wife, for your rage I am arm'd, yes,
If thou could'ſt encounter with

Fleſh-hookes, and with Fire-brands; for I tell thee
I am practiſ'd in the Divell: but to you, my Lord,
I paſſ'd my faith unto this Gentleman,
Had it beene done to you I ne're had broke it.
Lo. Sir you ſpeake nobly;
What muſt bee, muſt be: it is in the will of Heaven,
And I am well pleaſ'd with it.
Wi. And am I over-reach'd? well *Slightall*,
My bleſſing on thee, ſhe's thine.
Sl. Mother, my Knee in duty bowes thus low:
My Lord, your hand, I hope no
Malice harbours in your heart.
Lo. I hope you'le not imagine't.
Sl. Sir I doe not; and all I hope are pleaſ'd.
All. Wee are.
Sl. If theſe be ſo, we then are happy,
We are new wedded, you are our chiefe Gueſt,
Though once my Rivall, now you are my friend:
My fortune thus all malice hath defeated,
And by a new trike the Grand Divell cheated.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

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